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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	THE CINEMA:		PAGE
DISARMAMENT—THE PROSPECTS (Sir Arthur Salter)	..	577	The Summit of Sensationalism (Cedric Belfrage)	..	600
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY:			SCIENCE:		
Our Debt to the Past—V. The Romanisation of Western Europe (Hugh Last)	..	580	Science in the Making (Gerald Heard)	..	601
The Attack on Everest (Admiral Sir William Goodenough)	..	583	PSYCHOLOGY:		
'Consider Your Verdict'—A Commentary	..	594	Instinct and Habit (The Medical Director of the London Child Guidance Clinic)	..	602
The Law of the Land—IV. The Machinery of the Law (C. H. S. Fifoot)	..	595	POEM: From All These Events (Stephen Spender)	..	603
Some Problems of To-day in the U.S.A. (S. K. Ratcliffe)	..	597	HEALTH: Health and Hard Work (A Physician)	..	604
THE LISTENER:			OUT OF DOORS:		
Sequels	..	584	Herring Drifters ('Taffrail')	..	605
Week by Week	..	584	Flowering Shrubs (Captain Geoffrey Crawshaw)	..	606
ESSAY:			POINTS FROM LETTERS:		
Masters and Servants (Charles Falkland)	..	586	Culture and Democracy—Broadcast Talks—Miss Lejeune and Film Criticism—Design and Efficiency in Door-handles—Lessons of the Licensing Statistics—Sir Ronald Ross—How the Townsman May Help the Farmer	..	608
ART:			BOOKS AND AUTHORS:		
Art in Ancient Life—II. History and Art in Greece (Professor Bernard Ashmole)	..	587	Books of the Week (V. Sackville-West)	..	610
ARCHÆOLOGY:			The Listener's Book Chronicle	..	611
The Past Summer's Archæology in England (S. E. Winbolt)	..	590	THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD		
THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:			ii
Studies in Musical Heresy—X. The Dangers of Classicism (Francis Toye)	..	599	SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES		
			vi

Disarmament—the Prospects

By SIR ARTHUR SALTER

'If this year has special difficulties, it has also special opportunities and advantages that are perhaps even greater'

THE world is now in the midst of a grave crisis in international relations. The situation is in some respects more serious and anxious than at any time since the War. This crisis, though it contains other elements, turns upon the question of Disarmament. Lord Cecil and Lord Lloyd will next week put before you two opposing views on this question. It is my task now to introduce this debate. I must try to answer three questions. First, what exactly is the problem of disarmament and its background? Second, along what lines are attempts now being made to solve it? Third, what are the special difficulties and the special opportunities of the present moment? 'Disarmament', let me say in passing, is in some ways a misleading expression. No one now contemplates the complete abolition of armaments. Even Germany is not completely disarmed. What is meant is a reduction and a limitation of armaments. There is practically no dispute that this is desirable; the dispute is as to how it should be done, and what should be the armaments of a particular country. But very few people question that if the world's armaments as a whole were reduced to a fraction, the world as a whole would be both more secure and more prosperous. Nearly every country, it is safe to say, really clings to its armaments now, not because it wants to attack others, or pursue an aggressive policy, but because it fears aggression from others. They realise that the world as a whole is less secure from war with high armaments. But each of them feels more secure, in a world of big armaments, if its own forces are also

strong. What everyone sees to be collective insanity is made up of what look like policies of individual prudence. It is rather like a run on a bank, when every depositor knows it would be best for all if no one withdrew his money; but, each of them, distrusting the others, acts in a way which brings general disaster.

Armaments and Security

But not only do big armaments cause general insecurity; they cannot give security to any country. Rome was once able to obtain domination for herself and impose peace on the world by an armed strength which could repel all assailants. But that is not possible for any country now in a world which includes seven great Powers. And when each great country tries to make itself secure by arms which can be equally used for attack or defence against any possible hostile combination, the result is as obvious as arithmetic. The attempted security cannot be obtained; and every effort at security by these means creates more general insecurity. It is just the same as when every country tries to export more than it imports; firstly, it is impossible, since all exports must equal all imports, and, secondly, the impossible attempt causes both loss and friction.

It is for this reason that no country can be safe, except on the basis of peaceful international relations and what is called the system of 'pooled security'. This system has in the last thirteen years been built up by a series of treaties, of which the Covenant of the League, Locarno and the Kellogg Pact are the most important. The essence of these treaties is that all the countries who have signed them are pledged not to attack the others; and that each

of them may expect support if it is attacked. In the case of the Covenant and Locarno, the support promised is not only moral, but also material. Under the Kellogg Pact, the only one of the three which includes America and Russia, actual material support is not promised. If there were implicit confidence that these treaties would all be observed in the letter and the spirit—that the 'collective system' would function as it was intended to—each country would feel much safer than it does now with much lower armaments, and would be ready to reduce them. There is equally no doubt that if the collective system is distrusted, that reduction of armaments will be impossible.

This is what is meant by the connection between disarmament and security. Each is an inseparable part of a double problem. There has been much idle discussion as to which must come first. The fact is they must come together. You might as well ask whether a man should walk first with his left leg or his right. He must take one step with one (it matters not which) and then with the other. Every step forward with security will help disarmament; every step forward with disarmament will help security. Neither can advance far without the other. In the history of the last thirteen years, France has placed more emphasis upon security as the first step, Great Britain upon disarmament. Each is right and each is wrong. The world must have both.

Distrust of Paper Safeguards

Now let us look briefly at what has happened in these last thirteen years. The peace treaties limited the armaments and armed forces of Germany and her Allies drastically in two ways. Firstly, certain weapons were entirely prohibited, as being more aggressive or offensive; large warships, tanks, large guns, military aircraft, and poison gas. Secondly, the permitted weapons and armed forces were limited in number. At the same time Germany was assured that this disarmament was only a first instalment in a general reduction of armaments by the victorious countries.

All these thirteen years attempts have been in progress

to implement this assurance; and Germany has waited, with increasing impatience, for results that have not yet been achieved. When the attempt was begun, France pressed her claim for increased security. It was clear that substantial reduction of armaments would be impossible until some satisfaction was given her. Efforts, therefore, proceeded on two lines towards security as well as disarmament. We have seen how a series of treaties—Locarno and the Kellogg Pact as well as the Covenant of the League—have been building up a system of pooled security. These treaties have all helped. But they have not

yet succeeded in establishing confidence. This is mainly not because they are incomplete, but because there is widespread doubt as to whether they will, in case of need, be observed and enforced. The greatest test case that has yet arisen is that of the dispute between China and Japan. Quite apart from its local consequences, therefore, the way in which that dispute is handled will make a vital difference to the confidence that is felt in the 'collective' peace system as a whole and, therefore, to the armaments question.

Meantime, while these political efforts were being made, a large commission of military, naval and air experts was instructed to study the technical aspects of disarmament. It is unfortunate that it was not

possible to agree upon the main lines of policy before this commission was appointed. For while experts may advise loyally how best to carry out a policy already decided upon, it is too much to expect any profession (if only for the best of reasons, a professional keenness) to work with ardour for the curtailment of its own power and authority. As Lord Cecil often reminds us, the proper function of experts is to be on tap, not on top. In the history of the last decade they have been too much on top.

Three Ways to Equality

Meantime, with these delays, the impatience of Germany has constantly increased, first steadily, and more lately very rapidly. A climax was reached when she refused a few weeks ago to take any further part in the Disarmament Conference unless the principles of equality



Disarmament Poster by Jean Carlu produced by the Office de Propagande Graphique pour la Paix, Paris
From 'Modern Publicity', edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Gaunt (The Studio, Ltd.)



An Army of the Air massed for parade

Keystone View Co.

of status were first admitted. This claim does not, of course, mean an immediate equality in actual armaments.

It is possible to conceive of progress towards equality in three ways: first, such a reduction of others' armaments that a German demand for re-armament would be clearly unjustifiable; second, an agreed extension of Germany's right to arm; and, third, a re-arming by Germany in defiance of the Treaty provisions. All of us must hope that the first course will be possible; for it is the only one which will avoid disaster. If an open breach of the Treaty would mean an immediate crisis of the gravest kind, a permitted re-armament is scarcely less fatal. To proceed to equality by levelling up instead of levelling down would mean a new race in armaments, of which the first result would be an intolerable financial strain and the ultimate result would inevitably be war.

The next point to consider is along what lines an attempt is being made to disarm? The four main principles of a true disarmament convention are all included in the resolution accepted in July. The first of these is what is called 'qualitative' disarmament, that is, the prohibition of certain categories of arms altogether on the ground that they are especially offensive in character. Though the line is hard to draw it is evident that some weapons are, in their nature, more offensive—more adapted to attack than defence—than others. It is obvious, for example, that a large tank or a submarine is more offensive than a land fortification. In the case of Germany we have seen that the weapons prohibited on this ground include large warships, large guns, and all military aircraft, tanks, submarines and poison gas. The second main principle is the so-called 'quantitative' disarmament, that is, the reduction of the numbers of permitted arms and forces. The third is supervision, to see that any agreement is observed. The fourth principle equally is that of budgetary limitation. If there is no limit of expense all other limitations are likely to become nugatory with the progress of scientific invention. If the inventor can pack as much destructive power in a 10,000 ton ship as in one of 30,000, with the aid of equal financial resources, what advantage either in economy or in security would the reduction in tonnage give us?

These are the principles in the resolution, and they are the right ones. But the vital need is to translate them into practice—to build an effective Treaty on their foundation. This is the work that remains to be done. Several

schemes have been presented to the Conference, of which the most striking are those put forward by Mr. Hoover and Signor Mussolini.

Let me now, in conclusion, answer my third question. What are the special difficulties and the special opportunities of the present situation? The special difficulties are confined to two important regions in the world. There is serious tension between Germany and France. In Germany disappointment and distress have led to a dangerous political temper and grouping of political forces. In France there is apprehension and anxiety. Secondly, there is the grave situation in the Far East. These difficulties are both serious and must not be minimised. But let us look at the other side.

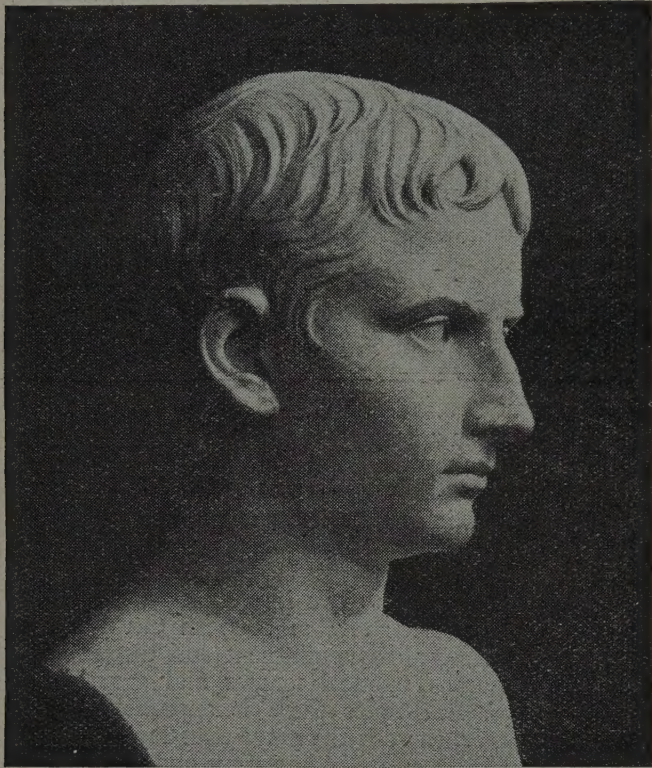
If this year has special difficulties it has also special opportunities and advantages that are perhaps even greater. In the rest of the world, almost every country has a greater positive desire for peace and reduced armaments than at any previous period. In this country the general desire for peace and reduction of armaments has been made abundantly clear. The United States of America, once aloof, has herself urged a drastic scheme of reduction in which she would share. Italy, militaristic a few years ago, is pressing for even more drastic reduction. Russia, absorbed in her economic plan, desires external peace and disarmament. The small countries of Europe passionately desire the same. South America, though there is trouble between Bolivia and Paraguay, may be reckoned a factor on the same side.

Then the imperative need for budget economy, now felt by every country in the world, is a powerful force in the same direction. The German claim and situation, while they present danger, also afford a powerful motive force which may be utilised to secure reduction. Finally, the efficiency of the collective peace system has always depended largely upon the attitude of America. It is an immense advantage (if it is utilised) that in the first major test that has arisen—in the Far East—America is strongly supporting maintenance of the treaties designed to preserve peace and is prepared to co-operate wholeheartedly with the League. These are immense advantages which we have not had before and may not have again. It is upon this basis that the statesmen of the world must now build. The fate not only of this generation, but of posterity, is now in their hands.

*Our Debt to the Past—V**The Romanisation of Western Europe*

By HUGH LAST

TO-DAY we come to the period of transition from the Republic to the Empire, and in particular to the man by whom, more than by any other, Rome was directed during these years of crisis. That man is the Emperor Augustus—a man to whose personality Europe probably owes more of its later history and of the present distribution of cultures than to any other single human being. To understand the significance of Augustus we must go



The Young Augustus—to this Emperor's personality Europe probably owes more of the present distribution of cultures than to any other single human being

Photograph, Anderson, Rome

back for a moment to the Republic, looking not at the development in Italy itself, but at the growth of the Roman provinces abroad. By stages which there is no need for us to trace, Rome had gradually extended her hold over Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, the Balearic Islands, Spain and Portugal, France, Western Switzerland and a large part of south-eastern Europe south of the river Danube. Then she had three provinces in Asia Minor, Cyprus, another in Syria, Crete, the region of Cyrene, and finally a province in North Africa on the ancient territory of Carthage, close by the Tunis of to-day. These provinces were the cause of the collapse of Republican government at Rome. The demands of the frontiers for defence meant that armies had to be raised, and these armies needed generals to command them. Then the generals in their turn managed to win the devotion of their troops, and at length they began to bring their armies back to Italy and to use them to push their own political interests at Rome itself. The heart of the Republican constitution was the Senate—a council of nobles, who were helpless when an army commander marched on Rome with a political programme of his own and an army at his back. There you have the difficulty before which the Republic collapsed. The final explosion occurred in the struggle between Julius Cæsar and his rival, Pompey. Pompey was killed, and when Cæsar had come out victorious he set himself to solve the problem of the constitution. If the marshals of Rome were not to go on fighting one another indefinitely, something must be done to prevent their getting such a hold over their troops as to be able to use those troops in support of the selfish ambitions of their leader. The remedy was to have only one general commanding all the armies of the

Roman world. If that were done the wars between rival generals would be at an end, because the one general would have no rival to fight.

But this was a remedy with tremendous consequences. The supreme commander of the armies was bound to be a man of overwhelming authority in the Roman world; and if he chose to become an autocrat like the Hellenistic kings there was no one to prevent him. But that was not the only possibility. An individual who finds himself the undisputed head of a State and has to make his own place in the constitution has a wide choice before him. He may become anything from an absolute despot to a mere President of the Republic; and when he makes his choice he is doing something which is very seldom done—he is acting in a situation in which his own personal views of the right course to take may have very far-reaching results.

The civil war which began in 44 B.C. ended fourteen years later—in 31 B.C.—at the Battle of Actium. In it the only leaders that matter are the two who faced one another in that final encounter—Mark Antony on one side and the man we know as Augustus on the other. Antony had been the right-hand of Julius Cæsar in the last years of his life; he was a tried administrator, a competent general and a man over fifty at the time of Actium. His opponent, whom we will call Augustus, though he did not receive that name till 27 B.C., was a grand-nephew of Julius Cæsar whom Cæsar adopted in his will. When Cæsar died the young man was only eighteen. Yet he held his own, and after Antony had been beaten at Actium, he found himself with the whole Roman world at his feet.

Actium was one of the decisive battles of the world—decisive



Cameo showing the successor of Augustus—Tiberius—with his family; in the heavens, the deified Augustus

Photograph, Giraudon

sive because the ideals of Antony and Augustus were as different as the men themselves. Actium settled the character of the Roman Empire, because the Empire took its character from its architect and Actium decided who that architect should be. The issue was so grave, and it had so great an influence on the course of European history, that time spent in talking about it is not wasted. Antony was in love with Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and Cleopatra was the living head of the house of Ptolemy—ruler of the last of the Hellenistic kingdoms. The Hellenistic tradition, as we said last week, was



The Forum at Rome as it is To-day

Italian Air Service Press Bureau

autocratic; and, as its name and history imply, it was Greek. That tradition was the tradition to which Antony seems to have grown more and more attached—not because he happened to be in love with Cleopatra, but because it was in accord with his own personal tastes and because, in its political side, it suited the outlook which he had shared with Julius Cæsar. Julius Cæsar was a forceful man, keen on efficiency and conscious that he could do his work best as a benevolent despot without the hindrance of constitutional checks. To such a man the Hellenistic kingship inevitably held out attractive precedents; and that was the direction in which Antony, who in politics was Cæsar's pupil, set his course.

Augustus the Peace-Maker

Augustus, on the other hand, was an Italian, out and out. He had a profound respect for everything that was typically Roman, and he revealed no admiration whatever for the political institutions of the Hellenistic monarchies. Yet it would be untrue to say that the issue at Actium was between Italy and Greece. Augustus had respect enough for the city-state, with its free institutions whose development was due to the Greeks, not to reject the foundations which the Greeks had laid. The issue was much more subtle than that. The Hellenistic world had produced kingships which were verging on autocracies. The next step in the natural development which had been going on in the Greek world was to pass to complete autocracy and the slave-state, from which freedom was banished. And that is what actually happened when the Greek world passed beyond Roman influence. The natural successor of the Hellenistic monarchy was the slave-state of Byzantium, and that was what would have threatened the world at once if Antony had not been beaten. Augustus stood for something very different. He was willing enough to accept from Greece anything of value that it had to offer. But among those things autocracy was not one. Instead, Augustus insisted that the Roman Empire should be founded on the free institutions of Republican Rome and on the Latin culture of Italy. And so, when it came to the question of his own position in the constitution, instead of making himself a king he was content to be what he called *princeps*—the first citizen of Rome—and he even succeeded in getting people to think of his work as the restoration of the Republic. The day of Actium decided the character of the Roman Empire, and the decision meant that the political experience of the Roman Republic was not to be thrown away. The world was not to be plunged forthwith into an age of despotism. For three hundred years it was to be engaged on a great experiment with free institutions, seeking means whereby liberty might be reconciled with a central government strong enough to keep the world at peace.

When the fight was over and Augustus had the world at his feet, there began a new age in the history of the Mediterranean peoples. 'The immeasurable majesty of the Roman Peace', as it is called by the elder Pliny, was the realisation of hopes which earlier ages had scarcely dared to entertain; and when these hopes came true, the gratitude of the world to the man who had put an end to war was one of the most solid supports on which the power of Augustus was based. He was hailed as the Saviour of Humanity, and in regions where Greek customs prevailed, men even saluted him as an incarnate god.

Now what did Augustus do with his power? Two things in particular which we must notice here because they left an unmistakable mark on later history. First, in his work on the Roman constitution he set his face against autocracy. That meant something more than a decision about the outward appearance of the Roman constitution; it made a profound difference to the whole spirit of the Roman administration. 'Autocracy means bureaucracy'—that is a familiar tag; it brings with it all the curses of paternal government and State-interference in affairs which the citizens are much better allowed to manage for themselves. Do not suppose that Augustus made light of his responsibilities; far from it. He had to see that peace was preserved within the empire and that the empire was defended against attack from outside. He must see that the revenues needed to pay for the army and the administration were collected without oppression. And he must see that justice was done to all men according to the rules of law. But beyond this he did not go; and even in the discharge of the modest functions which were thus reserved for the central government, he was very ready to make use of the Senate itself and of its individual members—that is, of the people who had really directed the affairs of Rome in the days of the

Republic. For the rest, the communities in which the peoples of the Empire lived—whether those communities were organised as cities or as tribes—were left to manage their own business. With the qualifications that they were compelled to pay taxes and were forbidden to go to war with one another, these communities were in practice self-governing. That was one most significant feature in the policy of Augustus. Perhaps its significance will be plainer if we ask what was the alternative. The alternative was to adopt the policy of the autocrat who, instead of allowing his subjects to manage everything which they can possibly manage for themselves, leaves them free to do nothing except what is too trivial to be worth the notice of the great bureaucratic machine which he himself will control from the centre. That Augustus chose the first way meant that the freedom of its inhabitants was to be one of the ideals of the Roman Empire. True, it was an ideal which gradually grew more remote; but as an ideal it remained, and for three centuries the Roman world had a lesson, which has never been completely forgotten from those days till now, that membership of an organisation like the Roman Empire need not mean slavery, but may bring with it, because it ensures internal peace if not economic co-operation, a greater freedom than had been known in the age of independent Greece.

Europe's Debt to Rome

There remains the second significant aspect of Augustus' belief in the Italian people. The first was that he incorporated their ideals of government in the traditions of the Roman Empire. The second is that he chose the Latin culture as the culture to be associated with the imperial power. By that we do not mean that there was to be anything in the nature of a crusade to impose Latin culture by force on peoples to whom it was strange. Toleration was the essence of Roman policy unless there seemed to be some positive danger to the State, and there was no sign of an attack on the Hellenism which was native to the Eastern Mediterranean. But Augustus did not adopt the Hellenistic culture: he set up the Latin culture as an alternative and enriched that culture by the works of men like Livy, Virgil and Horace—men who would not have written what they did had it not been for the inspiration supplied them by Augustus himself. So there came to be an Italian civilisation, with Latin as its language and not Greek, and with freedom as the foundation of its politics and not the doctrines of Hellenistic monarchy, which Rome could offer as her own. And that offer was accepted—freely and without constraint. The spread of Romanisation, as it is called, is an enormous subject, but all we need to notice here is that the Roman culture was received in the regions which are now Spain, Portugal, France and Belgium. These countries have languages which in origin are Latin and their culture has its roots in Rome, and from them the Roman influence has spread still further. In our own country the direct legacy of the Roman occupation is small; but even to us the culture of Rome has been passed across from France. If it is a small thing that the month in which we take our holidays is called after Augustus himself, it is a bigger that the alphabet we use is Latin. And from the Spanish peninsula the culture of Rome spread across the Atlantic. To this day it leads the civilisation of all America south of the United States.

Among all the achievements of Rome, the Romanisation of Western Europe is the greatest; and for that it can be said without exaggeration that Augustus himself was very largely responsible. If he had not insisted that Rome should put all her prestige behind the civilisation of Italy, Rome could never have offered to the peoples of France and Spain that which, when it was offered, they accepted. If Hellenism had conquered Italy at Actium, and if the centre of the administration had been moved to the East, the Italian culture might have died before it reached its prime. And nothing is more difficult to believe than that the peoples of the West would have merged themselves in a monarchical empire controlled by people who spoke Greek and having its spiritual home, if not the centre of its administration, at the other end of the Mediterranean. But as things were, Rome offered them a culture, more advanced than their own, indeed, but not unlike; and with that offer they closed. Whether it was better so, or whether we should regret that they were not left entirely to their own devices, this is not the place to ask. The proper concern of history is what happened—not what might have happened and did not. Western Europe was Romanised, and for that we have to thank Augustus.



One of the photographs taken on the last Everest Expedition in 1924, of the great Rongbuk Glacier of Mount Everest

The Times

The Attack on Everest

By ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM GOODENOUGH

IT may be incongruous that an Admiral should speak to you about the ascent of a great mountain. I do so as the Chairman of the Mount Everest Committee, which is composed of members of the Alpine Club, the Royal Geographical Society and the Himalayan Club. But just as much as that I am one of the public: and though we may not all be mountaineers and explorers, everyone takes a great interest in a really great project—for that is what it is, that man should unaided stand on the summit of the earth. Many of you will remember, or have read, of former Everest expeditions. First there was the reconnaissance by Colonel Howard Bury in 1921, when it was seen how the ascent of Mount Everest might be made; then General Bruce's expedition in 1922—all his experience is invaluable, and he is one of our Committee; and then the expedition in 1924 when General Bruce was forced by illness to turn over the command to Colonel Norton, and when they got very close to success. Norton went up to 28,000 feet, and perhaps without our knowing it, success was actually attained, for Mallory and Irvine were seen 900 feet from the top going strongly towards it. All this you know or may read about in books. Then there came a lapse of eight years. The Tibetans thought quite genuinely that the gods of the mountains had been incensed at the attempt to violate their sanctuary, and it was with some surprise and great delight, as you can imagine, that two or three months ago we heard that His Holiness the Dalai Lama, who is the spiritual as well as the temporal head of the Tibetan Government, had given permission for a British Expedition to make an ascent next year.

Norton cannot go. The party will be commanded by Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, and he will have twelve with him (we are not superstitious)—transport officers, very important, who know the country and people well; two doctors, both mountaineers themselves; and what I may call a just balance between youth and experience. Our confidence in them is absolute and complete. Leaving Darjeeling about the third week in March, the

party will go North to a place called Phari, that is about sixty miles. The Europeans will have ponies, for it is essential that they should be saved as much unnecessary fatigue at the outset as possible, and they will take these ponies right up to the Base Camp, 300 miles from Darjeeling. The baggage as far as Phari will go on mules, at Phari it will be transferred to donkeys and yaks; that animal, that is as invaluable to the Tibetan as the reindeer is to the Laplander, supplies him with food and clothing and fuel—practically everything he wants. This mode of transport will take them to the Base Camp, which should be reached about the third week in April. The height of the Base Camp is 16,500 feet, rather higher than Mont Blanc. Above that the transport is by Tibetan porters—Sherpas; and very gallant fellows they are too. There will be about seventy of them. They carry a load of about 40 lbs. up to 21,000 feet and 25 lbs. up to 23,000 feet, and 20 lbs. above that, and it is hoped that some of them will carry 18 lbs. up to a height of 28,000 feet. This is pretty stiff work, but they are acclimatised by spending their lives at a high altitude.

There will be about six Camps—1,500 feet to 2,000 feet in height between each—between the Base Camp and the summit. Camp No. 4 is on the North Col at a height of 23,000 feet. Above this Camp the real ascent of the mountain begins. It is mostly of limestone rock at an average angle of 40 degrees or over. The formation is a series of inclined ledges rather like the tiles on a roof. Owing to the general tilt or slope of the ground, it is difficult to find a place for tent platforms, small as they are. And to men of great experience climbing may be said to become really difficult at the height of 28,000 feet. From here to the summit the angle increases. There is no doubt the last 1,000 feet involves difficult and dangerous climbing on steeply inclined slabs. Whatever happens it will be a tremendous effort. When successful, as we believe implicitly it will be, it will be an immense accomplishment.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

Sequels

THE experiment which begins this week in the West Regional Programme of broadcasting a series of dramatic 'Sequels' opens up several nice questions of literary art and ethics. There are several lines along which the sequel principle is capable of being developed. One of these, exemplified in John Masfield's continuation of his own play on the famous historical murder mystery, 'The Campden Wonder' (which, we would remind our readers, was described in our pages last year by Mr. Harold Dearden), is the offering of a solution in literary form to an unsolved puzzle of real life. Nobody, of course, has a better right to do a sequel than the original author; and since we all stand in the same objective relation to facts for which we are not responsible, we all have an equal right to speculate how they might have turned out. It is rather a different matter, however, when it comes to dealing with situations and people created by one man's imagination, and here we begin to distinguish between the various methods of tampering with an author's work.

First, there is the wish to complete something never intended to be incomplete—to put an ending on to *Edwin Drood* or *Weir of Hermiston*. These incomplete masterpieces offer obvious material for speculation; and though no one but their authors can know how the situations should have been rightly resolved, yet the attempt to make a tidy job and clear up the ragged ends is often justifiable and sometimes successful. Nor is there any harm in making free with acknowledged masterpieces by imagining the further career of their principal characters, such as is done in the play which begins this 'Sequel' series—St. John Hankin's continuation of 'Hamlet'. No one in their senses would be deceived into thinking that 'The New Wing at Elsinore', any more than Gilbert's 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern' was what Shakespeare would have gone on to write if he had time. But Shakespeare offers irresistible bait to authors with this kind of imaginative knack. The 'Sequels' series is to contain later another of St. John Hankin's continuations ('Much Ado About Nothing'), Gordon Bottomley's sequels to 'King Lear' and 'Macbeth' ('King Lear's Wife' and 'Gruach' respectively) and St. John Ervine's continuation of the fortunes of Portia under the title of 'The Lady of Belmont'. This sort of obvious burlesque does Shakespeare no harm, and is in line with the pleasant attempts which have been made to continue the stories of famous novels, such as has been done, for instance, to Dickens by Sir Harry Johnston in *The Gay Dombey*s. Indeed, it is even possible to sigh for continuations of some other of our famous novels. It would be amusing, for instance, if Galsworthy

or Hugh Walpole were to attempt to tell the fortunes of a later generation of Grantleys, Thornes, and other habitants of Trollope's Barsetshire.

But there is another kind of sequel, or rather adaptation, of celebrated material which is less admirable. This arises from a dislike of the way in which a great author has handled his story or his characters. Certainly we do not much mind it when a Fielding borrows from a Richardson characters to enliven his *Joseph Andrews*. Equally, it amuses us when a French detective story writer, by a slight transposition of the name of Sherlock Holmes, borrows him from Conan Doyle to serve as a stage property in recounting the exploits of his crook hero. But when literary tampering takes the form of insidious and ruthless alterations such as those in which the eighteenth century delighted in the case of Shakespeare, the literary conscience may justly revolt. No one imagines for a moment that Shakespeare was responsible for St. John Hankin's sequel to 'Hamlet', but the playgoer of 150 years ago might well believe that 'Lear' and 'Othello' had happy endings or that 'The Tempest' was designed as a sort of musical comedy. To-day we rightly shrink from the barbarity of Garrick inventing and declaiming a new dying speech for Macbeth; but are we in fact much better? True, we are taught Shakespeare so thoroughly at school that we detect and shudder when he is tampered with. We would not bear for a moment, for instance, the version of 'Hamlet' which is now played in Soviet Russia, where the Ghost of Hamlet's father is rationalised out of existence and becomes a practical joke played by the Prince of Denmark on his enemies, while Ophelia ends her life in a drunken debauch which has nothing to do with a broken heart. Yet, though such mangling of the classics as this appals us, for all our vaunted sincerity and candour we still hanker after the happy ending almost as eagerly as the eighteenth century groundlings. And so, when *Mädchen in Uniform* is made into a film, the tragic ending of the novel and the play is turned into an unsatisfying and doubtfully happy conclusion.

Week by Week

LISTENERS have been heard to express the opinion that it might be difficult in the future to maintain the high standard set by last winter's 'Changing World' programme of talks, in providing stimulating and controversial subjects for treatment in broadcast talks; but such doubts will surely be set at rest when particulars of the new series of talks arranged for the first three months of the New Year—which were approved in principle at last week's meeting of the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education—are published. We are promised, indeed, a bold treatment of some of the most fundamental topics of discussion and controversy of the present day. For example, we are to have on Sundays a series of talks surveying the whole problem of 'A Future Life'. The method of treatment is to be partly historical and partly analytical. The first six talks will review the gradual evolution through the ages of man's conception of life after death. Then will follow six individual 'Points of View', in which the agnostic and the sceptic will come to the microphone as well as the representatives of positive belief, both in its Christian and non-Christian forms. Other red-letter days for the listener who delights in controversy will be Wednesdays, which are to be occupied by an examination of modern ideas about the State, particularly as they affect the relations between the State, the individual, and the social groups which lie midway between the two. Here, again, the method of treatment to be followed is to be also partly historical and partly analytical. Six informative talks on the history and development of the organisation of society, given by an eminent political scientist, will be followed by a symposium of six debates or discussions in which individual speakers will put forward their own theses as to the best basis for society and will answer pertinent questions addressed to them by critics. Since this symposium is to include speakers

who will put forward expositions of Fascism, Communism, Imperialism, internationalism, and constitutional government, it is likely to be extremely illuminating and thought-provoking for the listener who has not made up his mind which, if any, of these theories commands his allegiance. But these two courses of talks by no means exhaust the stimulating fare which we are promised after Christmas. For instance, twelve talks are to be given on 'Makers of the Modern World', among whom are likely to figure such centres of controversy as St. Thomas Aquinas, Luther, Darwin, Karl Marx, and Nietzsche. Each of these great men will be expounded by a speaker who is in sympathy with the ideas which he represents. Finally, we are to be offered also a series on 'The Application of Psychology and Biology to Social Life' which raises as many burning questions as any economic or political subject. Under this heading will probably come such topics as the psychology of the sexes and of religion, problems of race and eugenics, and the connection between biology and politics. On the face of it, it appears as though there ought to be a rich crop of wireless discussion groups in the early part of next year, for never yet have such groups had a better opportunity of suiting their needs or a wider choice of subject and speaker.

* * *

The Board of Education's recently issued *Report on the Instruction of the Young in the Aims and Achievements of the League of Nations** makes it clear that while the approach to providing instruction in League subjects has been somewhat cautious, the principle is now definitely encouraged by almost all the Local Education Authorities in England and Wales. The actual success of such instruction must, however, vary according to the point of view of the individual teacher. There are, particularly among the younger element of the profession, many ardent workers for the local branch of the League of Nations Union, who believe that the aims and work of the League should be dealt with as part of the regular school syllabus. 'The League of Nations', says one, 'is a difficult and "grown-up" subject, but it is not so difficult as the War of the Spanish Succession, and it is much more interesting and important'. On the other hand, there is a tendency on the part of some teachers to object to giving fixed lessons on the League—a feeling that there is danger of reaction against such teaching in later years, and that the wiser course is to seek to create the atmosphere in which international co-operation is regarded as the natural order of things. Much is said in the *Report* of organisations which help to foster this atmosphere. The League of Nations Union, of course, provides books, pamphlets, films, etc., directly bearing on the work of the League. But such a body as the School Journeys Association, which annually arranges school tours in various European countries, and the movement for correspondence between school-children in all parts of the world, are likely to foster a spirit of unity between the youth of the nations which no amount of direct teaching could produce so effectively. Specific mention is made of the influence of school broadcasting in this direction, particularly of Mr. Wickham Steed's broadcasts during 1931 on 'Great Moments in Modern History', which dealt almost exclusively with the history, aims and achievements of the League of Nations. The headmaster of an elementary school reported that the whole of his senior class remained voluntarily to listen to these talks after school hours. League of Nations matters are, of course, being touched on continually in the current school broadcasts in 'Tracing History Backwards' and 'What's the News?'

* * *

Certain sections of the Press last week found much to comment on in the fact that women students at Oxford have now been allowed to entertain men in their club in the High. 'This new move is regarded as surprising in view of the way in which the women students have been chaperoned', was one remark, showing that Fleet Street, which prides itself on its up-to-dateness, still romantically envisages an Oxford as it was in the 'eighties—when elderly chaperones, anxious to shelter the tender shoots of Somerville and Lady Margaret Hall from the rude blast of contact with Men, accompanied students to all lectures and coachings, knitting and sleeping their way through expositions of Kant and Aristotle. Actually, the chaperone (qualifications for whose delicate position were marriage, the possession of a B.A., or twenty-five years of age) is for practical purposes as dead to-day as the dodo, though

some interesting relics can still be studied in North Oxford. (The term 'chaperone' as used at Commem. is purely a convenient excuse for somebody's mother dancing all night.) Since 1925 young women up at Oxford have been able—provided there are two females in the party—to visit young men in their rooms, to entertain them in certain places in their own colleges, to take lunch or tea with them in a restaurant in the town. (At Newnham, we believe, those curiously named 'mixed parties' are even sanctioned in the student's own bed-sitting-rooms, nor have we heard of any gross debauchery or licence proceeding from abuse of this privilege.) To add to this system the right to entertain men in a public place like the Pentagon Club does not seem very much for the Press to make a song about—they might save their breath for a real innovation, like the admission of women to membership of the Union, Vincent's or the Bullingdon. But Oxford, unfortunately for itself, is invariably good copy for journalists who know nothing about it.

* * *

The experiment conducted from September, 1930, to March, 1932, in certain counties of Scotland (Dumfries and Lanark) to ascertain the possibilities of group listening in this part of the world has now been made the subject of a Report to the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education. The experiment was conducted under a Committee presided over by Principal Rait, and was made possible by financial aid provided by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees. Of the two counties in which the experiment has been conducted, Dumfriesshire is almost entirely agricultural, while Lanarkshire is partly agricultural but also markedly industrial in its northern part. Discussion groups were organised in 34 different centres, the total number of groups run amounting to 94; in the rest of Scotland during the same period 83 discussion groups were organised. As a result of their investigations, the reporting committee has found that success has been most marked in rural areas. 'The success of a group', they say, 'depends to a great extent on the personality of a group leader; the subjects of the talks have proved generally suitable, though the treatment has often been too academic'. The principal recommendation of the organising committee is that a new Area Council should be constituted for Scotland, with the object of stimulating the development of the movement throughout the country. It is also recommended that where it is found that series of educational talks are included in the programme which do not bear a definite relation to Scottish conditions (such as talks on Law), substitute series suited to the particular needs of Scottish listeners should be provided. These recommendations have been approved by the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education and steps are shortly to be taken to translate them into fact. The Scottish Report marks the completion of the group of local experiments into the value of broadcast discussion groups started some years ago with financial assistance from the Carnegie Trustees. Reports have now been received from Yorkshire, the West Midlands, and Kent, as well as from Scotland; and it only remains to collate the evidence and conclusions contained in these Reports, for publication in the near future in booklet form by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees.

* * *

Mr. Ben Purse, who attended as a student the recent Summer School for the training of wireless group leaders held at Oxford, gives it as his considered opinion (in the *New Beacon* for October 15) that 'there are no definite duties which have to be undertaken by the group leader which cannot be performed by a blind person who is imbued with the idea of rendering service to his fellows, and who possesses the intellectual capacity which is necessary to give helpful advice and guidance to those with whom he is associated'. It is reckoned that there are now eleven discussion groups meeting in various centres, composed mainly of blind persons; one such group has been formed at the National Institute for the Blind, with remarkably successful results. Mr. Purse particularly emphasises the opportunity which the wireless talks offer to blind workers of studying current social and economic problems. He suggests that the different agencies which cater for the blind ought to co-operate in stimulating interest in these group formations, and in increasing the demand for publication of the B.B.C. pamphlets and other educational literature in Braille.

*Acts and Hours**Masters and Servants*

By CHARLES FALKLAND

THERE was a time, soon after the war with Germany, when the difficulty of obtaining domestic servants was so great and universal that one might no more speak of it in polite conversation than of the ailments of one's body. When Rome is burning, it becomes bad manners to talk of conflagrations, and more courteous to play the fiddle. It is now said that the supply of servants has increased. Those who have good posts are glad of them. Those mistresses who are by nature inconsiderate or tyrannical are reproved by discovering that, whereas they are forever struggling to replace their staffs, wiser employers are more fortunate—a form of reproof that was of no effect in the days when all domestic employers, good or bad, suffered equally. In brief, we are approaching a reasonable balance between supply and demand, and may discuss the relations between mistress and servant at least as calmly as we discuss other social phenomena of the twentieth century, and not as if we were debating the economy of a siege.

There is nothing in itself dishonourable or humiliating in the obedience of one human being to another. The whole conduct of society depends, and has always depended, upon such obedience. The reason is not that some men are superior to others, though this is true, but that, if society is to be organised at all, men must be divided by their functions. We cannot all plough or all drive locomotives. The mistress says: 'My function is to bring up my children—or to paint pictures—or to sit in Parliament; therefore the baker shall bake bread for me and you, the cook, shall roast mutton for me. In this you will be obedient to me'. And the maid replies: 'I have no children. I cannot paint pictures. I should be embarrassed or bored by Parliament. But I wish to accumulate a dowry, and meanwhile I want food, housing, protection if I am ill, and, when I am well, clothes and a weekly visit to the films. You will serve me by providing me with these things'. The exchange of services is partly represented in money on the mistress' side, but this increases rather than decreases the liberty of the servant, for, while the mistress receives only the particular obedience of one person at a given time, the servant's power to command obedience in others may be exercised in any direction and at any time until her wages are spent.

It follows, then, that if domestic service is not in itself humiliating, but is rightly to be regarded as a normal exchange between human beings of one obedience for another, it becomes oppressive only in special circumstances. If the obedience received from the mistress is less than the obedience given by the maid, the contract is oppressive. The whole problem of domestic service depends upon the fact that in no form of labour is it harder to strike a just balance between what is given and what is received. Attempts have been made to meet this difficulty by rigidly defining the hours and nature of the servant's labour and by drawing up a scale of her wages. Such attempts are useless, for they leave out of account the exceptional form of her contract. Unlike a factory-worker, she does not undertake to manufacture a thousand uniform boxes in return for a hundred uniform shillings. Even in large households where there are many highly specialised employees there must be elasticity in each servant's duty, and there is great elasticity in her reward. She is paid not only in money, which is calculable, but in housing, warmth, food, light, and in the services performed by other servants for her. There enter, moreover, into the relations between mistress and servant human factors that are incalculable. A faithful servant may be to a highly sensitive artist almost what his mother was to Marcel Proust, and for such service, as for love, there can be no repayment. Likewise a servant may receive what can be weighed in no contract—security of tenure in sickness and old age; affection, respect, power, kindness; access to books, music, gardens, pictures that could not otherwise be hers. Is all this, it

may be asked, to be left to the discretion of the employer? Would it not be better to exclude all these *imponderabilia* from consideration as far as may be possible, to bring in servants daily from detached hostels, to discourage all personal relationships between them and their employers, and to reduce the whole domestic contract as nearly as possible to a rigid basis of money and hours? As long as we live in separate households, this is impracticable. Nor do I believe for an instant that it is desirable, for the personal relationship between master and servant can be, and ought to be, a beautiful relationship, to be fostered, not destroyed.

And the essence of its beauty is its elasticity and its consequent demand upon the imaginative sympathy of mankind. It is one of those relationships upon which a change of outward and material rule has little effect. Adam Eyre, who served under Fairfax in the Civil War but seems otherwise to have been a man of peace, wrote this in his diary on October 9, 1647:

This night I whipped Jane (his maid) for her foolishness as yesterday I had done for her slothfulness; and hence am I induced to bewaile my sinfull life for my failings in the presence of God Almighty are questionless greater than hers are to mee; wherefore unless Thou, my most merciful God, be mercifull unto mee what shall become of mee?

To-day we beat our servants no more, nor our wives. That we do not is regarded by reformers as an improvement in our relationship with them, and certainly if we were to revert now to the earlier practice our relationship would suffer. But he would be a rash man who declared that servants or wives are happier now than in the seventeenth century—the truth being that the whip is a form of recalling obedience like another, and is evil, not in itself, but only if it is used out of its own period, contrary to reputable custom, and so is felt, as it would now be felt, to be an intolerable humiliation. The time may come when it is evil to whip a dog; but Adam Eyre (except by the high standard of mercy which he remembered too late) did no moral wrong on the eighth and ninth of October, 1647, and Jane, though she smarted under it, probably did not resent his behaviour or consider it unjust or bear him malice for it.

The laws governing the relationship between master and servant must move with public opinion; Jane's physical immunity cannot now be permitted to depend upon the merciful impulses of Adam Eyre; but these laws are no more than the frame of the picture—the picture itself is made good or bad by conditions which they do not affect. The chief of these conditions is an employer's understanding that the value of the intangible services which he renders to his servant—and so the justice of his contract—varies from decade to decade, almost from year to year. In the past, security of tenure was of the first importance. Servants looked forward to remaining year after year in the same household and to compassionate pensions and bequests. Now, a young servant who is told that she will be pensioned in her old age is told nothing of interest to her, for this is an epoch that leaves the future to take care of itself; but if weekly, monthly and annual 'outings' are not made easily accessible to her she feels that she is being cheated. The same principle applies from head to foot of the implied contract—the values of the exchanged obediences continually shift; and the mistress who believes that what was fair twenty years ago is fair to-day is a bad employer. Likewise the maid is bound to adjust her behaviour to the changing needs of her mistress. This double process of adjustment is made extremely difficult when the supply of servants and the demand for them are greatly unequal. Then tyrants on both sides are inclined to tyranny and normally well-disposed people are tempted to imitate them. To-day, when supply and demand are approaching a balance, it may reasonably be expected that Adam and Jane will put upon their contract a new interpretation appropriate to the twentieth century.



Marble Sarcophagus found in a royal tomb at Sidon, showing Alexander the Great hunting, with Greeks and Persians

E.N.A.

Art in Ancient Life—II

History and Art in Greece

By Professor BERNARD ASHMOLE

HAVE you ever considered how far the flourishing of art depends on mere material prosperity? Sudden bursts of intense artistic production like the age of Pericles in Athens or of the Medici at Florence make one think that it is very largely a question of money. But were these outbursts really sudden? Were they not the result of years of growth, like the unseen root-growth in a plant which allows it eventually to put forth abundant blossom? And were the brilliant products of these very wealthy ages better than, or even as good as, those of the less wealthy and less brilliant? Is not increase of mere technical facility often accompanied by impoverished ideas? Is it not that up to the present we have tended to neglect the earlier things, to label them as crude and primitive, because they do not conform to certain standards of realistic representation which are actually of much later growth?

It is with these questions in mind that I want to pass quickly with you over the whole course of ancient history in Greek lands and see whether it is not true that art seems to die only in the really dark ages, the ages of sheer poverty and terror. And even then, is it not only sleeping?

Knossos, Mycenae, Troy

In the last talk we spoke of the successive layers of remains which are found wherever cities have stood. Not far from the centre of Crete, which lies between Egypt and Greece, but nearer Greece—a day and night's sail away now, but a good deal

longer in antiquity—there is a site on which layer after layer has been detected and dug through. The lowest, which is naturally the earliest and lies on virgin soil, consists of the refuse, decayed huts, broken pots of people who lived there no fewer than thirteen thousand years ago—an antiquity which makes our so-called antiques seem modern. They lived under primitive conditions, of course, using tools of chipped stone and vessels of coarse clay dried in the sun. But they were predecessors of an amazingly brilliant civilisation, the discovery of which we owe very largely to an English archaeologist, Sir Arthur Evans. Its most wealthy and flourishing period began some 2,000 years before Christ, but it had been a high civilisation long before that, and it continued in Crete, and, in combination with mainland elements, on the mainland of Greece, for several hundreds of years, and did not fail until the twelfth century B.C.

The centre of this civilisation was Knossos, the city which stood on the site of which we have been speaking; the civilisation itself is called

Minoan, a name formed by Sir Arthur Evans from the name of King Minos. In its mainland form after about 1400 B.C., the culture is known as Mycenaean, from the chief centre of its power, Mycenae. Minos used to be treated as fictitious, but there is no reason to suppose that the name was not borne by a ruler of Crete. The names of both Minos and Mycenae were full of romance for us even before the interest of the actual remains at Knossos and Mycenae was known: Minos for his association with the Minotaur, the labyrinth and



Map of the Ancient Greek World

the story of Theseus and Ariadne: golden Mycenae, as Homer calls it, from the legends of the great king Agamemnon, who from there went out, leading all the forces of Greece, against Troy, to bring back Helen. But fantasy was far outstripped by the actual discoveries—by Knossos with its labyrinthine royal palace and its great storehouses, and its evidences of a widespread power—Mycenae with the marvellous treasures of gold from its Acropolis; and Troy with its seven settlements, one above the other, of which the sixth, a towered fortress, perished by fire and violence at an age which may well be that of which the Homeric poems tell.

Minoan Art

But we are concerned primarily with art, and the art of Crete is indeed remarkable. It drew elements from Egypt and Mesopotamia only to transform them in the most astonishing fashion, just as its everyday life—of which we can form a very fair idea from the frescoes and numerous monuments preserved and from the planning of its houses—must have boasted a wealth comparable to the great Eastern cities, but enjoyed a freedom, informality and gaiety quite foreign to those grim monarchies. The art, as you see it at its height, would be difficult to confuse with that of any other country or time. It is characterised by an intense interest in natural forms, not the interest of the anatomist or the botanist, for the Minoan painter sometimes produced the most extraordinarily hybrid plants, and his animals would not stand the test of the dissecting-room; but exuberant interest in life and movement—of men, animals, flowers, fish, seaweeds. This life and this movement are rendered by what is almost an art of caricature, so freely, with so few lines and with such amusing emphasis are the pictures drawn. (See, for example, the Photogravure Supplement to *THE LISTENER* of October 12, plate 1, No. 1.) What happened to all this wealth and glory? The ruins in Crete tell us that late in the fifteenth century B.C. most of the towns in the island were burnt and plundered, that, after this, life in the rebuilt towns was less comfortable and the kingdom as a whole was less powerful: an empire in decline.

Who were the invaders, if they were invaders, who wrought this havoc? We do not know. But it is quite possible that if not of the same race, they were of the same culture as the Cretans, and may have come from the mainland of Greece, where Cretan elements had long coloured the local civilisation. Certainly the mainland, especially in the Peloponnese and Boeotia, from now on surpasses Crete in power and riches, and Mycenae supersedes Knossos politically and culturally in the Aegean area. The art of this time and area is an offshoot of the Cretan, but the tremendous exuberance has been toned down and the flowing dynamic Cretan designs are stylised into static symmetrical patterns which, though often pleasing, have not the originality and force of the earlier creations. This tendency is important to notice, for upon how we interpret the decline of Mycenaean art depends to some extent our opinion of what happened in Greece to cause or to assist the decline of Mycenaean power.

Achaean and Dorian Invasions

There are elements which show that a racial change had taken place since the great days of Mycenae, but when exactly it happened is not certain. It seems that the Achaeans, a people

in the poorer, northern part of Greece, had somewhere about the thirteenth century moved southward and occupied most of Greece—whether by violent conquest or peaceful penetration or both is unknown—and that from these came the kings of Greece who invaded Troy some time in the twelfth century. Agamemnon and Menelaus were Achaeans, so was Odysseus. It is Homer's usual name for the Greeks.

They were fighters and pirates, in a time when piracy was not dishonourable. But great fighters though they were, the Achaeans had eventually to give way to fighters more efficient still, the Dorians, who in successive invading waves swept down on Greece from regions round the Danube-basin. More efficient, partly because their weapons were more efficient, and were made of a material which now comes into common use in Greece—that is, iron. Before, it had been merely a magic or an ornamental metal.

Minoan, Mycenaean, Achaean, Dorian. Are we to suppose that the advent of one always meant the complete wiping out of the one before? The Greeks themselves never believed that it did, and on general grounds it is most unlikely. For one race of people always has the greatest difficulty in eradicating another, even when it pursues a deliberate policy of extermination. If most of the fighting men of the conquered race are killed or driven out, the women are usually left, and sometimes children, as captives. In this way a new race springs up, a mixture of conquerors and conquered. So, although classical Greek art is not Minoan art, and only by stretching the evidence further than it will reasonably go can the development of the one from the other be called continuous, yet it is certain that without the earlier flowering of Minoan, and without the Minoan strain in classical Greece, Greek art would not have been what it was, nor so great as it was.

Hellenic Art

From the time that the Dorians were well settled in Greece, say about the tenth century, right on until the conquest of Greece by the Romans in the middle of the second, the development of art can be traced



The spout of a Greek Jug of the early seventh century B.C.; now in the British Museum

continuously. This is what we call Hellenic art.

First there is the art of the Dorians themselves, northern in origin but incorporating certain southern and eastern elements already, even in the ninth century. It is orderly, clear and angular, with none of the swelling curves or swaying movement of the Minoan. Next, the northerners come into contact with the great empires of Mesopotamia and Egypt. This was at first chiefly through the medium of the Phoenicians, who acted as pedlars and sold small articles of ivory, coloured and inlaid, metal work and trinkets of various kinds, manufactured in a debased oriental style. The art of Greece at once reacted to these imports, which seemed so brilliant and so clever. The Greek pottery of this time, of which much is preserved, and the metalwork, of which a little is preserved, become crowded with oriental monsters, sphinxes, griffins and the like, and the abstract ornament, once so austere, runs riot. This is in the late eighth and seventh centuries. Gradually the mixture clears and archaic Greek art is formed in the sixth. The Greeks now first learned to make life-size and colossal sculpture. They were in direct touch with Egypt. Her wonderful monuments excited their admiration. It was from Egypt that the Greek sculptors learnt their art, both how to carve, and how to cast in bronze.

The sixth century is the age of the tyrants in Greek lands.

Under Peisistratus Athens then enjoyed some of her greatest prosperity; literary and plastic art was encouraged, the city was thronged with artists, many from Ionia; great works of architecture were undertaken. The magnificent remains of the temple of Zeus, south-east of the Acropolis, rests on a Peisistratid foundation. Most of the charming (and several more than charming) archaic statues dedicated on the Acropolis at Athens were dedicated under the Peisistratid dynasty. Towards the end of the sixth century comes the clash with Persia. At first, by making things uncomfortable for the Ionian Greeks under Persian rule in Asia Minor, it served to distribute Ionian artists over the rest of the Greek world, thus vivifying the native art by contact not only with Ionian art itself, but through it with the art of Persia; and later on, it seems to have given Greece a new intensity of purpose. Art tends to be less brilliant, more profound. The time after the Persian wars, the second quarter of the fifth century, is the time of Myron and the earlier period of Pheidias in Athens, of the painter, Polygnotus: in the Peloponnese of the temple of Zeus at Olympia and the Argive sculptor, Polyclethus. In the middle of the century is a great age for Athens both in empire and art, the first finding the money for the second: the age of Pericles and the maturity of Pheidias, the Parthenon and classical art in the limited sense. Disaster follows: the prolonged and exhausting Peloponnesian War, the tragic expedition against Syracuse, and finally the fall of Athens. Now there is not much money or much time to spare for art: the total output is small and the creative impulse feeble.

The Diffusion of Greek Culture

The early fourth century saw some return of material prosperity. The aspirations of the age tend to be materialistic too. Art reflects the change. A strong element of realism creeps in. Lifelikeness, if not the aim of the sculptor and painter, comes to be their most admired attainment, and is demanded by their patrons. Technical facility has reached its height.

As the fourth century goes on the big public commissions for



Athenian Tomb-relief of the fourth century B.C.—a mother saying goodbye to her daughter

E. N. A.

sculptors and painters grow fewer and fewer in Greece itself: in Athens there is a fine series of large private gravestones sculptured in high relief; and there are orders for commemorative statues of athletes elsewhere, but, generally speaking, affairs were too unsettled to encourage grand schemes. But the fame of Greek sculptors is widespread, and foreigners are anxious to employ them. In the middle of the fourth century the queen of Halicarnassus, a Carian state on the fringe of the Greek world, commissioned four of the greatest living Greek sculptors to decorate the tomb which a Greek architect was designing to contain the remains of her husband, Mausolus. This was the Mausoleum, the fragments of which are in the British Museum. In Sidon, the port of Phœnicia, one of the royal tombs was found to contain a ten-foot marble sarcophagus carved by Greeks with scenes from the life of Alexander. The subject is symptomatic. Alexander's campaigns in the East opened new worlds to the Greeks. The age of Alexander himself, and of his successors in the third century, was one of a great diffusion of Greek culture. So, instead of the Hellenic we speak of the Hellenistic Age, because, although

it was spread very wide it was also spread rather thin. Hellenistic art as a rule concerns itself with the spectator. It is too sophisticated, too self-assured, and least successful in its most pretentious monuments. If you want the best you must go to the smaller things by nameless craftsmen: the great monuments are pompous and empty.

In the middle of the second century Greece was formally reduced to subjection by Rome. Corinth, rich in the accumulated artistic wealth of ages, was sacked. Rome's appetite for the Greek in literature and the plastic arts was whetted, and from then on hardly flagged. Rome was flooded with Greek treasures, and with the Greeks themselves, by now not quite so admirable as they had been. Rome's native art—an art of high interest—was swamped. The classical movement, in the wider sense, had begun: instead of looking forward or around them, men looked back to the classical age of Greece as an ideal.

Modern Publicity

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THE CURRENT ISSUE of *The Studio's* annual survey of advertising is wholly admirable. For one thing, it is excellently printed on very good paper: even its colour plates are really satisfactory, and faithfully reproduce the originals. For another thing, the specimens are presented without any superfluous comment—and how refreshing that is! And finally, nearly everything chosen by the editors is worthy of collection: the book, as one finds with all Studio publications, really is worth its price. The most obvious comment is the increasing use of humour in to-day's advertising. The old pretentious announcement, dignified, solemn and portly, seems to have disappeared completely. In its place we have delicious—and far more impressive—trifles: a joke, and a large comic drawing, with the advertiser's name tucked away discreetly in a corner. Even the German specimens scattered throughout the pages, once so black and murderous in intention, have become literally Puckish in their wit. The scope of this book ranges from posters to newspaper advertisements about advertising: from Scandinavia to the United

States. The position in England, as far as good display and deftness of copy go, remains about the same, with Tom Purvis, the Curwen Press, and Messrs. Crawford and the London Press Exchange, together as leaders in their various classes. It would be unkind, however, not to mention the remarkable standard achieved by the newer and smaller agencies. Their promise is gallant, and more than heartening.

Listeners to Mr. E. M. Forster's broadcast talks will like to know that two of his novels, *Howards End* and *A Passage to India*—hitherto available in the five-shilling uniform edition of his works—have now been issued by Messrs. Arnold in their Kingfisher Library (3s. 6d. each volume). Other three-and-sixpennies sure to be in demand are the three latest accessions to the Faber Library—Roy Campbell's volume of poems *Adamastor*, Walter de la Mare's short stories *On the Edge*, and Colonel Deney's Reitz' splendid chronicle of the South African War, *Commando*.

The Past Summer's Archæology in England

By S. E. WINBOLT

REFERRING to the wide and startling development of archæology, Dr. D. Randall-MacIver in his address to the Anthropological Section of the British Association said that there was 'very great danger that archæologists would be suffocated by the mass of accumulating material'. One cannot help feeling this: for not only are actual digging and interpretation inclined to overwhelm, but, to save their scientific faces and the responsibility of selection and inference, many excavators now go to absurd lengths in meticulous reporting, and impose on their readers fifty pages where five or ten would serve even specialists better. There is constant need for a bold use of the sieve and for several grades of precis work such as that done by Messrs. Kendrick and Hawkes* (reviewed in THE LISTENER of September 7, 1932), and, in a humbler sphere, by this half-yearly summary. In spite of financial stringency a great deal of digging has been done during the last six months, with results that give anthropologists and historians new matter to collate and add fresh pages to archæology's illustrated picture-book of the past.

Pre-history and Proto-history

The site of another flint-implement factory, or rather of two factories of widely different periods, has been found at Whipnade Park. Dr. G. M. Vevers (*Morning Post*, August 29) seems to attribute the two different types of weapons and implements to a palæolithic and to a late neolithic period. Anyone who has seen this high chalk ridge (about 750 ft.) from the Vale of Aylesbury will realise how typical a place this was for a settlement of flint-workers, closely analogous to the many South Down factories overlooking the Weald. Hembury Fort (Devon), on which a third season's work has been done, has produced definite neolithic pottery, one cup having a unique horizontal lug (or handle).

Dwellings of the late Bronze Age are being somewhat unexpectedly exemplified at Sumburgh Head at the south end of the Shetland Islands. H.M. Office of Works (*The Times*, August 19) continued excavations this summer, completely revealing one house (i), two more partially (ii and iii), and locating others. No. i is 31 ft. long, with an entrance, three chambers, and four cells leading off the central chamber, somewhat in the manner of the huts of Chysauster (Cornwall). The walls, 3 ft. high, are built of stones from the shore and luted with clay for the three lowest courses only; the floors are stone-paved or covered with clay burnt red. Four different occupations are indicated, during the third of which bronze swords, socketed axes and other objects were manufactured in clay moulds, the inhabitants eating sheep, oxen and pigs, and barley ground on saddle querns. Slate implements were used, e.g., knives and saws rubbed down with pumice. No. ii, which lies partly beneath No. i, was older, and produced evidence of shell-fish diet, slate artifacts, and pottery with impressed chevrons of characteristic Bronze Age type. No. iii was yet earlier, containing pottery resembling that of Heathery Burn Cave, Durham. A knife-dagger of bronze, 5½ in. long, leaf-shaped with a flat tang, was the best find. When this site has been more fully investigated, Britain will know something new about Bronze Age habitations.

The Early Iron Age is further illustrated by discoveries made at Meare (Somerset), Bourton-on-the-Water (Glos.), and Thundersbarrow (near Southwick, Sussex). At Meare Lake Village was laid bare a large raft of oak beams on which clay had been spread to form the floors of huts, in one of which was a hearth, and near it ovoid beads of clear glass perforated lengthwise—a fresh type; other finds were yellow-glass beads, bronze in the making, sheet lead, an armlet of Kimmeridge shale, and the first human skull found in the village. (I wonder if this is the one I found in the summer of 1928 when doing a little independent prospecting of the site—I think, under the

roots of a bush; I replaced it so as not to spoil the sport of the excavators.)

Mr. G. C. Dunning has been making good finds at Salmonsbury Camp, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos. In a hut site close to the west rampart the floor (2-3 feet down) is of 'crazy-paving', with a clay hearth in the centre, and some post-holes; a knife and a billhook of iron were found; and the skeleton of a small baby. This, with three skeletons of babies found in pits last year, suggests a high rate of infant mortality. It is known to history that the pre-Roman and Roman British used to cut their corn close to the ear and dry it on platforms over a furnace. Dr. E. Cecil Curwen found in May two of these furnaces with charred wheat still remaining to show their purpose. They were found either in or close to the fosse on the east side of Thundersbarrow Camp. Imagine a T-shaped structure of stone, the top of which was found about 2 feet below the surface. At the bottom of the T the stokehole: the vertical limb of the T the flue, covered with stone slabs about 2 feet long; the top of the T the back wall—about 6 feet long—well built with chalk blocks; the whole system about 12 feet long. At one extreme



A member of the Letchworth Antiquarian Society unearths at Baldock a skeleton of a giant of two thousand years ago

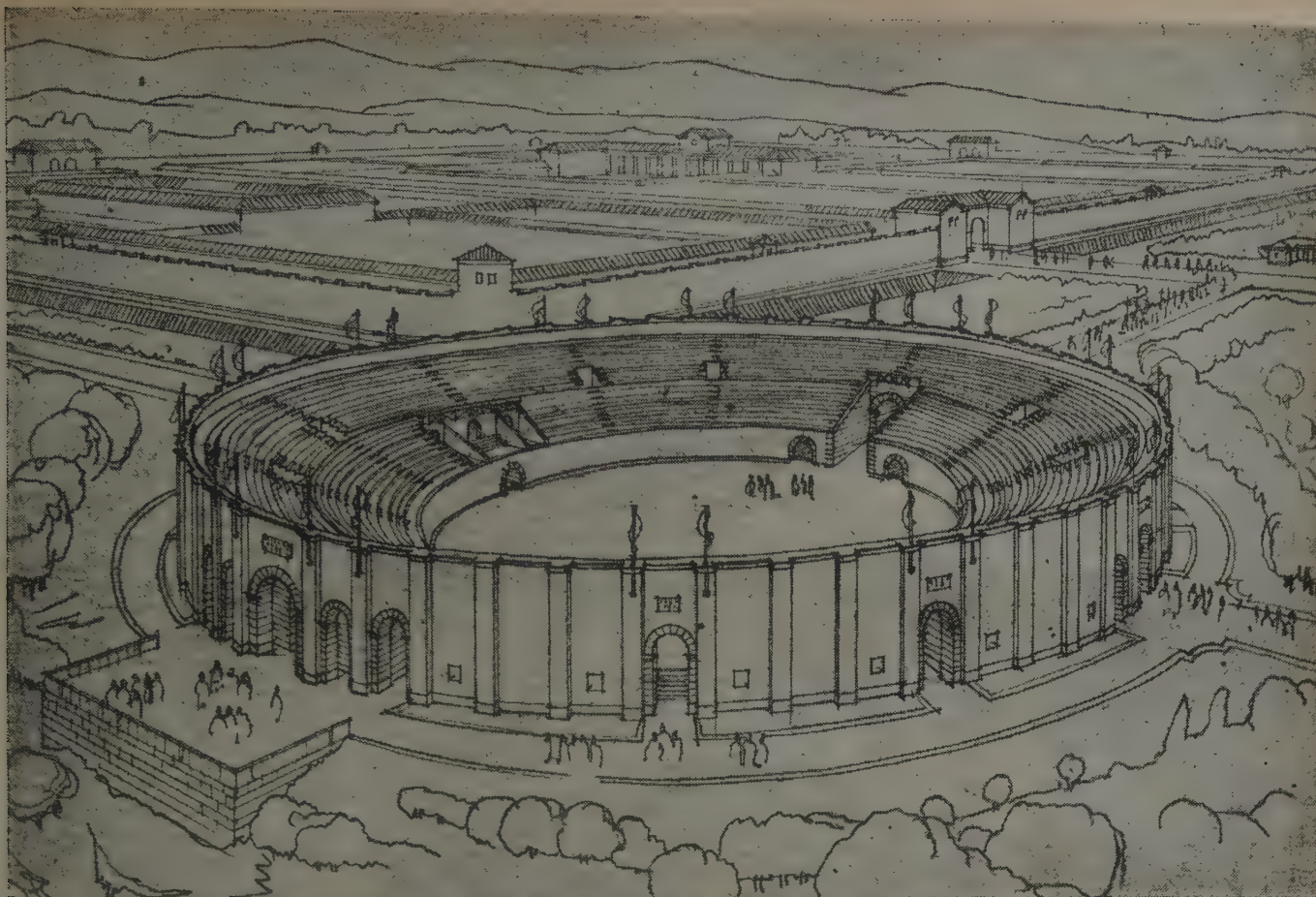
'Daily Herald' photograph

corner of the back wall appeared to be a sort of chimney-pot or smoke-vent made of clay. Some years ago I saw a somewhat similar corn-drying hearth near King's Worthy, Winchester: but that was later and better made with Roman bricks and mortar. The Thundersbarrow samples are altogether of a more primitive type, whether built before or after the Roman Conquest.

The Roman Era

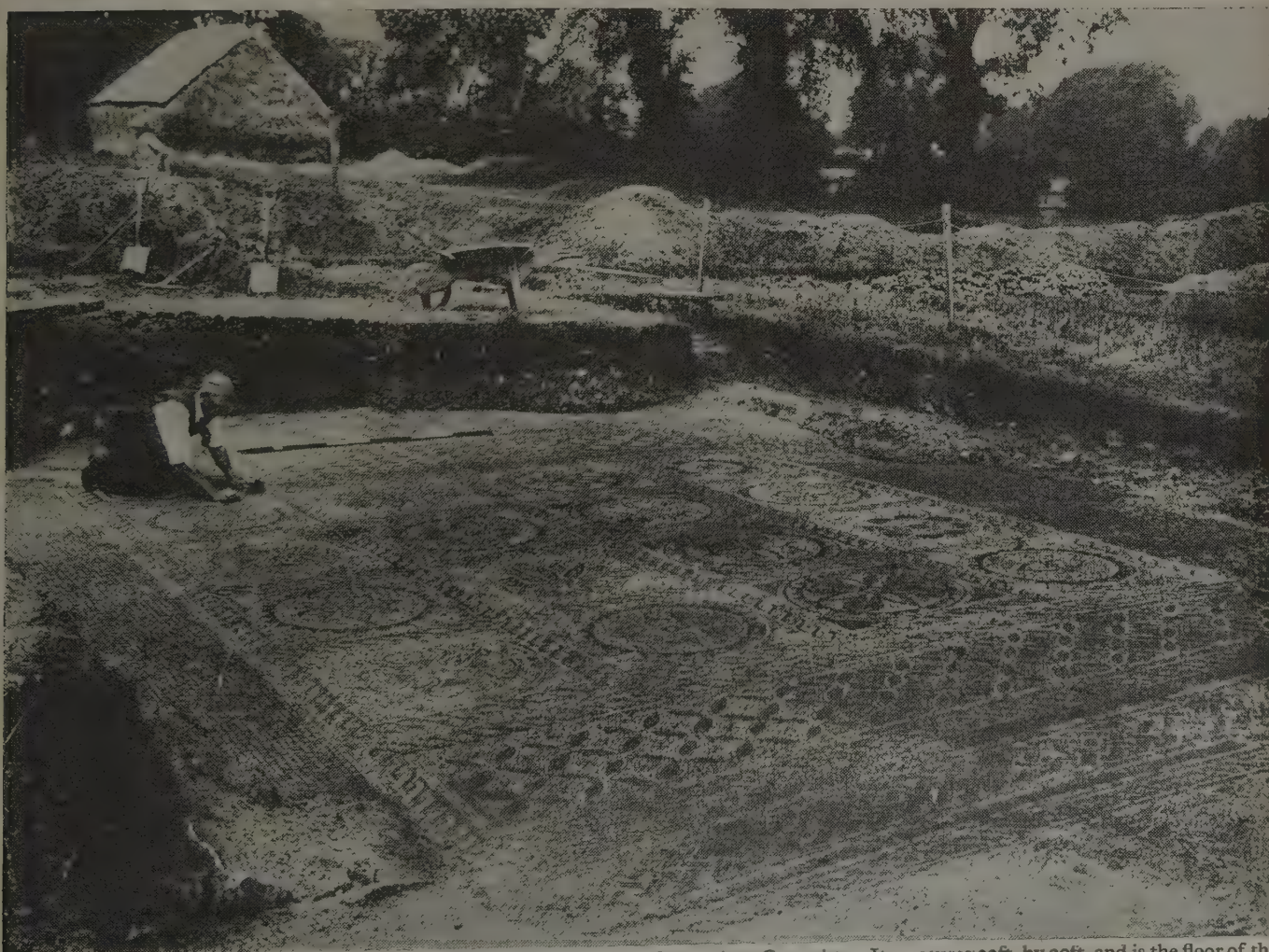
Of the Roman era and the Celtic overlap there is a considerable amount of fresh knowledge to record. The three major excavations, at Colchester, Richborough and St. Albans, have all advanced a stage or two. On the hill west of Colchester it was found that the Claudian camp was trapezoid and built over some of the native pit dwellings which were spread over a large area. After a few years this camp was levelled, and three subsequent occupations followed rapidly—the first, apparently, a works depot in use while Roman Camulodunum was being built, the second, a group of poor native huts, and the third, a Roman marching camp of temporary character. A fair attempt to date this succession is: the destruction of the Claudian camp, A.D. 47, the works depot, 47-50, the second native settlement, 50-61, and the marching camp, 61. This is a neat dovetailing of archæology and history. Among the finds were an unusual bronze cauldron, about 2 feet in diameter, and the bronze head of a Celtic linch-pin ending in a dog's head and pig's head. A

*Archæology in England and Wales, 1914-1931. By T. D. Kendrick and C. F. Hawkes. Methuen, 18s.



Conjectural reconstruction of Chester Amphitheatre as it was in Roman times: drawing by Mr. J. E. Sunter

By courtesy of the Chester Archaeological Society



Roman mosaic pavement uncovered near St. Albans by the Verulamium Excavations Committee. It measures 33ft. by 20ft. and is the floor of the room adjoining the 'Neptune' pavement discovered last year

By permission of 'The Times'

similar thing was found at Hassocks (Sussex) in 1927. The set of earthworks west of Colchester, long a mystery, have been proved to belong to the Celtic period immediately prior to the Roman invasion, possibly the work of Cunobelinus; the analogous banks and ditches north of Chichester may well be found some day to have been made by Cogidubnus or a predecessor.

My friend, Mr. B. W. Pearce, who has been in charge, tells me that at Richborough, among other matters of less importance, in the north-east of the inner area have been traced the lines of several blocks of wooden houses of early date by means of their foundation trenches and post holes. Thus was located a house, one of a series of which another was discovered two years ago. One set of buildings appears to be long pre-Flavian storehouses, while on the same site at a higher level, and of later date, were found traces of the corner of a large building or series of buildings.

At West Wickham (Kent)—yet another of the many 'Wicks' associated with Roman remains—close to the line of the Crockham Hill-Ashdown Forest Roman road, which here tallies with the Surrey-Kent boundary, enough burial urns and grave furniture have been found to indicate a Roman cemetery. This road has been traced farther south by Mr. I. D. Margary to well across the Ouse at Barcombe Mills, pointing to Malling Down, where it appears to be plainly visible. Within a mile or so of this road at Isfield, that is, at the cross-roads three miles south of Uckfield on the Lewes road, an extensive Roman rubbish-pit was found containing much broken pottery and a queer, disk-shaped receptacle of coarse clay—perhaps an amphora stand. The remains of an associated Roman house have yet to be located. On the top of Nore Hill, Eartham (Sussex), in mid April I proved a small round pond (forty-two feet across the top) to have been made in Roman-British times, by the sherds dug out from a few inches below the surface of the original chalk pudding: it was, no doubt, a water storage for the settlers who cultivated the many fields on the hill.

There are a few fresh points about Roman London. That there was a big cemetery just outside the east wall (as there was outside the east wall of Roman Chichester) has been proved by burials, both burnt and inhumation, found in Great Prescott Street, representing the second and third centuries. In Cheapside, pottery of the early days of the occupation (e.g., made by Bilicatus, a potter of the Tiberius-Claudius period) is yet another indication that the Roman settlement just prior to Boudicca's onslaught extended well to the west of the Walbrook stream. In Upper Thames Street, near the first arch of London Bridge, numerous objects of Roman date—among them a well-worn coin of Vespasian—were found, obviously rubbish thrown from the bank into what was then the river. They belong to the last quarter of the first century and to succeeding centuries. On the site of Messrs. Glyn, Mills and Company's bank in Lombard Street a 4 ft.-thick wall was found running parallel to Birchin Lane, 11 ft. within the building line, but it could not be related to any known plan of Roman buildings. At Baldock (Herts.) the big field south-east of the town continues to provide Mr. Westell and his Letchworth helpers with novelties. This time it is the skeleton of a first-century man 6 ft. 9 in. tall. Whence came this giant? He seems to have been killed with a blow on the skull and buried some time about A.D. 200. Mr. Erik Applebaum also struck a great quantity of pottery, coins and bronze objects.

Like thousands of others, I made a pilgrimage to Verulam diggings in early September, and found busy there some of the excavational élite, a cheery company trying to solve knotty problems of construction and reconstruction and 'robber trenches'. I was impressed by the great geometrical pavement with its sixteen different patterned circles enclosed in squares, and an adjoining pavement of later laying; by the great size of the second-century house to which this tepidarium floor belonged; by the remains of the West (Silchester) Gate—found by Mr. P. K. Baillie-Reynolds—with its two guardrooms and inter-

vening entrances, and two or three different road levels; by two rounded wall bastions, one newly cleared, with rectangular guardrooms behind them and enclosed by the post-mural earth bank; and not least by a deep trench towards Prae Wood which showed a first-century ditch straddled by the foundations of the second-century wall. These and many other items gave me a full afternoon, sharpening my already keen sense of the importance of Roman Verulam and the work being done there by Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler and their skilled and willing helpers. The big pavement is to be allowed to remain *in situ* and will be protected; last year's Neptune floor is set up in the museum, which has already an exceptional collection of Roman-British objects.

By the kindness of Lord Carrington the new museum at High Wycombe (Bucks.) is to be enriched by relics, mosaic pavements and the rest, from the Roman villa in Great Penn Mead, first uncovered in 1862, and re-excavated this spring, seventy years later. One pavement has the Four Seasons motive, as at Bignor. The number of known villas shows that in Roman times the southern slopes of the Chilterns were highly appreciated. At Lord Craigavon's house (Cleeve Court), Streatley, coins of Constantine I have been unearthed; the significance of this and previous coin finds is heightened by the fact that Streatley (the meadow by the Roman road) was on the Roman road from

Dorchester and Wallingford to Silchester. In the Deanery garden at Exeter (where I had the privilege of assisting) a bath system was unearthed, probably the public baths of the town with a pillared portico on one side; the cold plunge was four feet deep, with plaster walls and sides, and round it a pavement of heavy stone masonry. Coins from Domitian to Valentinian I came to light in different trenches, and two rare English coins, silver pennies of Ceolnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury (833—870), and Stephen. On the Southernhay side of the St. John's Hospital enclosure some investigation was made of the mediæval wall, which was found to be constructed, on this side at any rate, from the remains and on the line of the Roman wall. More definite results have attended the attempt to trace the line of the Roman walls round Colonia Glevum (Gloucester). Explorations were made on the east side. On the east side of King Street in one place the wall is a mediæval reconstruction on Roman blocks of stone, very nearly on the Roman line; and in another place on undisturbed Roman masonry. South of Eastgate Street three courses of the Roman wall were found, for the most part



Bronze Cauldron, 2-ft. in diameter, of unusual type, found just below the surface within the Roman camp site west of Colchester, by the Colchester Excavation Society

By permission of 'The Times'

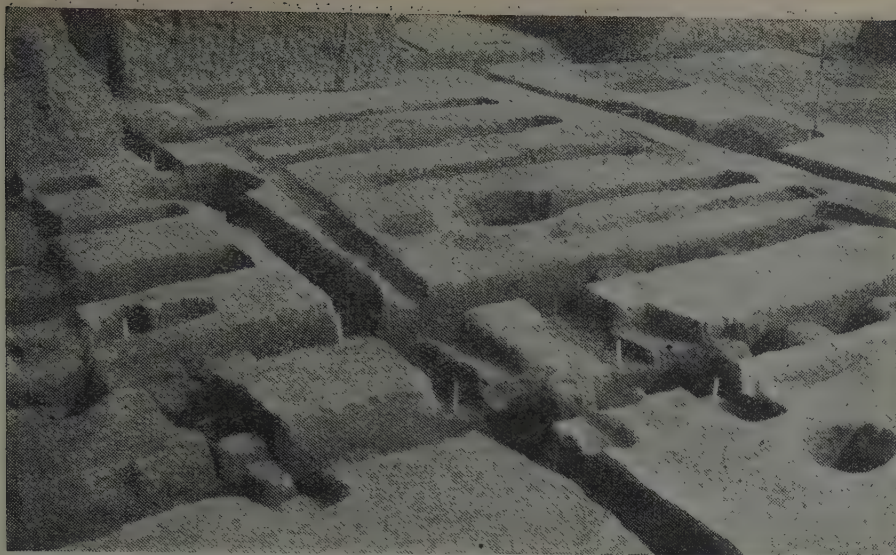
untouched, and in the Crypt School grounds the square south-east angle tower has been revealed, built, as pottery indicates, about the end of the first century. Below the Roman finds were sherds of the Early Iron Age. The Roman amphitheatre at Chester was one of the largest and most important buildings of its class erected in Britain, much larger and more massive than that at Caerleon. Three years ago the pickaxe of a man doing street work struck a buttress of the outer wall, and that was the first indication of a building hitherto entirely unknown. According to Professor Newstead (*The Times*, April 18) the arena was surrounded by an open earth bank held in position by massive stone walls. The width of this seating bank was 62 ft., and the dimensions of the arena 190 ft. by 162 ft., the arena wall, close up against which was a gutter cut in the natural rock, being 11 ft., and the outer wall 35 ft. high. About 8,000 spectators, it is thought, could be accommodated. So far as it goes, the evidence of pottery and coins is that the amphitheatre was built about A.D. 80-85, and was still in use about 270, limits which almost exactly correspond to those suggested for Caerleon. This is the national monument it is hoped to save by deflecting a proposed road away from it.

Finds in the Midlands

I now ask my reader to follow me in a somewhat rapid and irregular flight from point to point in the Midlands. At the ironstone mines at Harringworth (Northants.), human remains of the Roman period were found in a stone cist (or coffin) only

*A full account of the excavations, by a special correspondent, appeared in *The Times* of September 23

†A fund is being raised to complete the work on these excavations. About £3,800 has already been received by the Amphitheatre Fund, Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Chester



Richborough: Series of trenches, rounded at their eastern ends, probably representing long granaries of the pre-Flavian period: they run underneath the later stone wall

Photograph: B. W. Pearce



Section of the outer wall of Chester Amphitheatre showing: A, buttress; B, outer wall (9 ft. thick); and C, steps leading to auditorium

By courtesy of Professor R. Newstead, F.R.S.



Thundersbarrow grain furnace, showing drying platform and heating chamber

By permission of Dr. C. Curwen



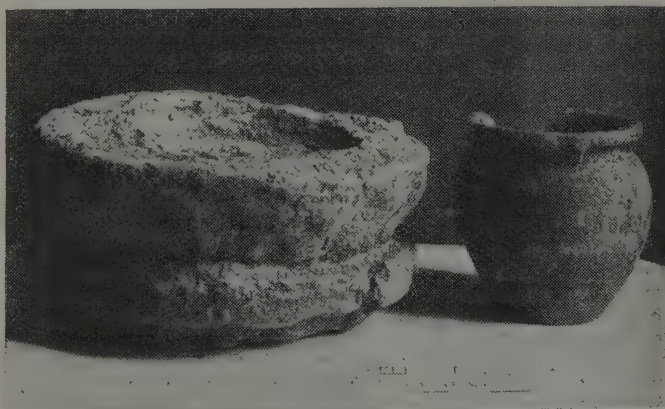
Verulamium—Map showing prehistoric city, and the first and second Roman cities

By permission of 'The Times'



Roman bronze Patera found in the Claudian Camp, Colchester: it is stamped by its maker, P. Cippius Polybius

By courtesy of the Colchester Excavation Committee



Roman clay mould and pot found in road widening near Isfield, Sussex. The mould is apparently unique, and its use problematic

Photograph: E. J. Bedford, Lewes

1 ft. below the surface, and were re-interred in the local churchyard. My informant found both Roman pottery and ancient iron slag in the field, and it is probable that the Romans smelted iron here, as elsewhere in the neighbourhood. In July and August, with the aid of voluntary labour, I dug out a large part of a Roman villa in Rutland, close to the River Welland and about five miles south-west of Stamford. Two distinct, though contiguous, pavements were partly in a spinney belonging to Tixover

Grange, and the rest of the walls in a field to the north in the parish of Ketton. The geometrical pavements, which were partly destroyed by a fence and ditch, originally extended for about 50 ft. by 15 ft., one being composed of hexagons separated by squares, the other of squares, both in blue, white and red 1-inch cubes. In the field we dug out a stout stone wall 54 ft. long, with two returns, there being plenty of pottery against the footings, which with the coins (Faustina II to Valens) seemed to

indicate an occupation roughly from A.D. 150 to 380. Several specimens of what is most commonly known as Castor ware (that is, white or red walls covered with dark grey slip and ornamented with hunting scenes in barbotine) were found, but many other types of pottery made at Castor (Durobrivæ)—only 8 miles away from this site—were certainly used at the villa. This is the second villa found on the west side of the Welland valley, another having been discovered near Stamford about 50 years ago; the neighbouring Nene valley was intensively occupied. In conversation with the tenant of the Plough Inn, Great Casterton, I learnt that building operations there and the cutting away of a bank for a car park had revealed much Roman pottery and a series of 16 coins, which range from A.D. 168 to 361, with emphasis on the second half of the third century. These finds suggest a house just outside Great Casterton 'Camp' on the side of Ermine Street. The Camp, never yet excavated, is a very attractive site, and should yield a wealth of information about Roman posting stations. At Lincoln (Lindum Colonia) Broadgate is on the site of the moat of the lower, or extended, Roman city. Here was disclosed recently part of a Roman wall, together with an altar of stone, with inscription largely obliterated. In July Roman pottery was unearthed in High Street, Towcester, that is Lactodorum, a settlement on Watling Street. At Lathom, near Wigan (Coccium), which was at a junction of Roman roads from Warrington and Manchester, the upper and part

of the lower stone of a rotary quern of local mill-stone grit were found doing duty 'as a base of a milk kit'. Wigan was the find-spot of a hoard of silver coins.

Mediaeval and Later

It is good news that the Canterbury Corporation has decided, *pace* the Commissioners of Works, to undertake a scheme for the preservation of the fine Norman Keep, erected by the Conqueror outside the city limits, which from royal residence has gradually been debased and become a prison, a ruin, a pumping station and a coal store. It will now serve as a telling historical object-lesson. On an uncharted site near Shefford (Beds.) has been made a discovery of mediaeval pottery (perhaps thirteenth and fourteenth centuries) which has still to be worked out, classified and dated, but is important because of the effort now being made definitely to date this hitherto elusive material.

In June a friend and I found, near Northiam (Sussex), the site of a glasshouse which was worked by one Sebastian Orlanden, a Venetian, round about 1579, as we know from the records of Rye, wherein is mention of a suit before the Mayor in which the said Sebastian, an Englishman (John Smith), and a Frenchman (Stephen Duvall) were parties. We found 'bugles', that is, tubular glass beads for sewing on dresses, which were a speciality of Orlanden.

Consider Your Verdict—II

The King v. Chilpenny

THE CASE:—Mrs. Chilpenny becomes so friendly with one Alison that Mr. Chilpenny protests. She allows him to understand that she has given Alison up. He does not see Alison for a period of six months, when on the fatal day he returns home earlier than usual from the insurance office where he is a clerk. Outside his house he sees Alison's car. As he approaches, Alison comes out carrying a suit-case and followed by Mrs. Chilpenny. They get into the car, and drive away. On his own admission Chilpenny is wild with rage. He sees a car standing near, jumps into it, and gives chase. He overtakes them and deliberately drives at a high speed across their bows. There is a serious accident and Alison is killed. After the accident he says to the police 'Serve him right' and 'I was determined to get him'. Chilpenny is charged with the murder of Alison.

COMMENTS: In my opinion it is to be regretted that it has not been found possible to take some sort of census of opinion as to the public verdicts in these mock trials. It would, for instance, be interesting to see how far one's conviction is correct that not more than one person out of ten would find a verdict of 'guilty' in this case. Nor do I think that a jury would even find Chilpenny guilty of the lesser charge—always possible as an alternative to murder—of manslaughter. Here is just one of those cases when all the law in the world would not avail to destroy a jury's sympathy. Even supposing the object of the prosecuting counsel were to secure a conviction—which it is not—he would have a hopeless task. An illustration will help this point. Homicide is at law murder if the death is caused by any act known by any reasonable man to be dangerous to life and likely in itself to cause death, done for the purpose of committing a felony. In a fairly recent case X burgled a house and then proceeded to make good his escape in the car belonging to the householder. He had never learned to drive, but somehow started the car. While pursuing a furious and tortuous career through the streets of a town he knocked down and killed two pedestrians. X was charged with murder. Not only did the jury find him guilty merely of manslaughter, but the learned judge limited his punishment to two years' imprisonment.

It is not suggested that counsel for the prosecution attacked the unhappy Chilpenny without scruple. His speech was a model of what a speech for the prosecution should be. He at once disarmed any surprise the jury might feel at the enormity of the charge, explaining, as I have tried to, the meaning of 'constructive murder'. He then stated the facts, dispassionately and concisely, without any animus against the accused person. He suggests, as it is his duty to suggest, that the words 'I was determined to get him' represented the true degree of Chilpenny's malice and that it was not equivalent to 'I was determined to stop him'. He goes further, as again is legitimate, and says that, even on Chilpenny's interpretation, he was guilty of murder if his determination carried him to a 'reckless disregard of apparent danger'. He adds, perfectly correctly, that only a discovery of Mrs. Chilpenny in the act of adultery would reduce the crime to manslaughter by reason of the degree of provocation, and that Chilpenny had no title to abuse his right to restrain his wife from leaving him. He ends with an admonition—which is sound but will be quite futile—that the jury must not be swayed by mere sympathy. Because of its clearness, its fairness, and its abstention from rhetoric this speech has been

easily the best in the series so far. Future advocates will have a difficult task to excel it.

Questions of law are, as a rule, not submitted to the jury: their concern is with the facts as deduced from the evidence. But in this case they may well have to determine a point which savours of abstract law. Judges sometimes leave to the jury the question whether the conduct of one of the parties has been reasonable where the law requires reasonable conduct. Counsel for the defence raises this possibility. He submits that Chilpenny was entitled to use 'reasonable force' to prevent his wife eloping with the man he killed. If driving his car at a great speed in front of the lovers is 'reasonable force' (which, of course, it isn't) there is no offence. But the jury, it is safe to wager, will say it is. Alternatively, Chilpenny's anger at seeing his wife and Alison begin their adventure remained—so counsel for the defence tells us—at boiling point all the time he took to gasp with indignation, see the second car, make up his mind to borrow it, jump on board, start it up (a strange car, mark you), get it into top gear, and pursue and overtake the delinquents. So the provocation makes the offence mere manslaughter. A difficult line of defence, one feels, but useful as providing a chance for the jury to take an illogical but not unduly lenient view.

One of the most interesting problems raised by capital charges is the incalculable conduct of juries. The whole atmosphere of the trial is affected by the penalty which may well follow a verdict of 'guilty'. Excessively emotional appeals are made by defending counsel, and there is little doubt that in some cases juries have been so appalled by the possible consequences of mistake that they have brought in verdicts of 'not guilty' against the weight of evidence. The present trial offers an instance. One of the reasons why the jury would, so far from finding a person guilty of murder, which he might do, as according to the strictest law, not even convict Chilpenny of manslaughter, is to be found in two skilful sentences at the beginning of the speech by Chilpenny's advocate. 'The prosecution', says he, 'have seen fit to put forward this case to you as one of murder. I am shocked and surprised that they should have done such a *cruel thing*'. Now the 'cruel thing' is not really the charge of murder: it is the penalty which a verdict of 'guilty' would bring home to the victim of Mrs. Chilpenny's unfaithfulness. As soon as his counsel uttered those two sentences Chilpenny was virtually a free man. The jury will be so indignant that his life should have been in jeopardy that they will unreasonably find that his fury deprived him of his reason during the whole hazardous pursuit.

VYVYAN ADAMS

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England has published a volume, illustrated in photogravure, on *The Scenery of England*, by Dr. Vaughan Cornish (3s. 6d.). The purpose of the book is to explain to the public the meaning of natural beauty, in order to cultivate the desire to protect the countryside from the vandalistic forces that threaten it. Dr. Cornish, in the words of Lord Crawford who introduces the book 'provides us with a philosophic basis for the aesthetics of scenery built upon the ultimate foundation of our geology and geography'. His object is to outline the possibilities of preserving a 'harmonious grouping in town and country'.



The Old Bailey a hundred years ago, as seen by Rowlandson

British Museum

*The Law of the Land—IV**The Machinery of the Law*

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

Mr. Fifoot, Lecturer in Jurisprudence and Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, continues the series inaugurated by Lord Macmillan, with a description of the different bodies that administer the law in this country

LET us suppose that you are suddenly stopped in the street and asked the question, 'What do you mean by Law?' You will probably dismiss the irritating enquirer by a vague reference to parliaments, prisons and policemen. In more precise language, you will refer to legislation and the criminal law. Here are two half-truths which it is necessary at once to amplify. No one can deny that, if the function of Parliament is to make laws, it fulfils it copiously. From 1919 to the end of 1931, 784 Acts of Parliament have been passed, and their contents fill 8,777 pages of the Statute Book. All these Acts are supposed to be understood, or at least to be obeyed, by the unfortunate citizen; and they must, I presume, be described as the 'law of the land'. But few of them deal with law in the ordinary sense of the word. For the most part they are concerned with politics and administration: they lay down systems of insurance, of pensions, of education: they tackle such thorny constitutional problems as the Government of India and the relations of the Irish Free State; or they deal with that nauseating subject, the income tax. The average Member of Parliament has little leisure and less inclination to study law. The position can be put quite simply. Everyone recognises that if a man commits murder he will be punished for it; that if he breaks his contract he must pay compensation; that if he slanders his neighbour he must restore his reputation as far as money and publicity can do it. Yet there is no Act of Parliament which says that murder is a crime or that slander and breach of contract are wrongs for which the courts will provide redress.

judge in England is in a position of peculiar importance. Most modern states have a single code of law, setting forth the general principles upon which their citizens must act and their judges decide. The basis of French law, for example, is the code drawn up over a hundred years ago under the orders of Napoleon. All that foreign judges have to do is to apply the language of their code, as best they can, to the changing problems which confront them. The English law has, for good or ill, no such code; and, although a judge must apply the regulations of an Act of Parliament if it is relevant to his purpose, it is not always, or even often, that he will find one in point. He must then search the law reports to see what other judges have done in similar cases, and he must find in their judgments a rule wide enough to solve his present problem. If this resource fails, he must seize whatever aid the gods may grant: the opinion of legal writers, the analogy of other systems of law, even, in last desperate case, his own native instinct.

The decisions of the judges thus form a necessary complement to the Acts of Parliament. In the same way the criminal law is balanced by what, for the sake of contrast, may be called the civil law. To punish the criminal is but one aspect of the legal function: nor is it the most complicated or—be it added—the most lucrative post. The layman is dazzled by the eloquence of an Erskine or a Marshall Hall, and is apt to overlook the less sensational, but not less remunerative, labours of the Commercial Courts or the Chancery Division. A dispute arises upon the meaning of a contract, or one of the parties, finding the market is altering, tries to get out of a bad bargain: a company is to be wound up or reconstructed, a will interpreted or a copyright protected: a plaintiff seeks compensation for the negligence of a motorist, or wishes to recover property which, by design or mischance, has come into the defendant's hands,

The Code of the Judges' Decisions

Where, then, are these rules to be found? The answer is, as Lord Macmillan has shown, in the decision of the judges. The

These are problems in which the question is, as a rule, not one of punishment, but of adjusting damage. Who is to bear the risk of accidental or inevitable loss? With the solution of such problems the civil law, as opposed to the criminal, is concerned.

Twelve 'Average Reasonable Men and Women'

When we come to describe the machinery of the law, therefore, it will be well to discuss separately the criminal and the civil courts. There is, however, an element common to both courts about which I must say a brief word. This is the jury. It is as a juror that a listener may suddenly find himself, willy-nilly, compelled to play a part in the administration of justice. That the summons is always welcome I will not contend. Perhaps the description given by Anthony Trollope in one of his novels will arouse the sympathy of the average juror. 'There are', he said, 'many ludicrous points in our blessed constitution, but perhaps nothing so ludicrous as a juryman praying to a judge for mercy. He has been caught, shut up in a box, perhaps for five or six days together, badgered with half-a-dozen lawyers until he is nearly deaf with their continual talking, and then he is locked up until he shall die or find a verdict'. Popular or unpopular, however, the service has to be performed, and it is as well, therefore, that we should know something about it.

The juryman, indeed, is one of the most vital cogs in the machinery of justice. A trial normally involves two distinct issues, the one of fact and the other of law. The first question is: What has actually happened? Which of the parties, if either, is telling the truth? Only when this question has been answered, does the second arise—Assuming the facts to be found, what is the legal result? Does it entitle the plaintiff to recover damages or expose the prisoner to punishment? The typical, though not invariable, machinery for the decision of the preliminary questions of fact is the jury, the twelve 'average reasonable men and women' assembled to hear the evidence of the witnesses, the arguments of counsel and the direction of the judge, and upon this material to 'find the facts' for the opinion of the court. I use the word 'typical' because the jury is by no means inevitable. In the Chancery Court, where the judge is dealing with such questions as the administration of estates or the affairs of a company, the jury is rarely used, and in commercial cases the judge frequently sits to decide issues of fact as well as of law. But in such cases as libel and slander and in all-important criminal cases, the jury is still the body on which the judge relies to 'find the facts'.

The distinguishing line between the functions of the judge and jury may be illustrated by a case of great importance in the law of murder, decided in 1920. It was alleged by the prosecution that the prisoner had attempted to ravish a girl, and in so doing had placed his hand upon her mouth and his thumb upon her throat, thus causing her death by suffocation. The prisoner said that he was so drunk that he did not know what he was doing. Now here at once were two distinct questions which had to be decided. The first was: Had the prisoner in fact caused the girl's death as the prosecution alleged, and was he in fact so drunk that he did not know what he was doing? This was a question for the jury, who heard all the evidence and decided that the prisoner had killed the girl as alleged and that, though sober enough to have intended to ravish the girl, he was too drunk to realise that he was suffocating her. The second question was: Did these facts amount to the crime of murder, or did the prisoner's drunkenness, by preventing him from realising the possibility of death, reduce it to the lesser charge of manslaughter? This was a question of law for the judge, and, after long argument at the Assizes, before the Court of Criminal Appeal and in the House of Lords, it was decided that the prisoner's conduct amounted to murder.

Justices of the Peace

Bearing in mind, therefore, the separate functions of the judge and the jury and the distinction between the criminal and the civil law, let us turn to the actual courts known to the English system. First, the Criminal Courts. Starting from the bottom, we have to deal with five courts, Petty Sessions, Quarter Sessions, the Assizes, the Court of Criminal Appeal and the House of Lords. Petty Sessions is the court usually, if unhappily, known as the Police Court, and is doubtless familiar to most listeners, at any rate from the point of view of spectators. It is presided over by Justices of the Peace, an office of great antiquity, going back to the reign of Edward III. The County Justices are appointed by the Crown, they are laymen and not lawyers, and they are not paid. In the larger towns, however, their duties are discharged by paid professional lawyers, who are known as Stipendiary Magistrates, and in London as Metropolitan Police Magistrates. Their duties are not wholly criminal. They are, for example, the persons who license the public houses in their area. But their main function is to enforce the duties imposed upon citizens by innumerable statutes and bye-laws. If you sell cigarettes after hours or to persons under age, if you catch trout in December, if you disobey a traffic signal, if you drive your car to the danger of the public, it is before the Justices of the Peace that you will be brought. Sitting without a jury, they will investigate the facts and, if they find the offence proved, either fine you or sentence you to a short term of imprisonment.

Next in importance is the Court of Quarter Sessions. In the counties this court also is manned by amateur Justices of the Peace, but in the larger towns the duties are performed by a salaried barrister known as the Recorder. The court, as its name indicates, is held at least four times a year, and a jury is summoned to find the facts. It does decide certain civil questions, notably in relation to rating appeals, but the bulk of its business is criminal. It has power to try many grave offences committed within its area: assault, housebreaking and most forms of theft. But, with the exception of burglary, it may not try any crime for which the punishment is death or penal servitude for life.

Oyer and Terminer

We now come to the Assizes, which represent the traditional attempt to connect the central administration of justice in London with the daily life of the provinces. Three or four times a year judges from the King's Bench Division in London go into various parts of the country to try, with a jury, both civil and criminal cases. Their civil jurisdiction was formerly of great importance, but since the development of rail and motor traffic has brought all parts of England and Wales within easy reach of London, it has declined and is now of less interest than the criminal business. The judges are empowered to take this work by two commissions granted them by the King, commissions which enjoy an unbroken history at least to the reign of Edward I. By the Commission of Gaol Delivery, they are empowered to 'deliver' or empty the gaol of a certain place and try all prisoners found in it. By the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, they are directed to 'hear and determine' all allegations as to crimes committed within the Assize area. The name of this commission betrays its age and recalls the days when English had not yet become the language of polite society. The Norman-French *Oyer* ('to hear') still lingers, in a somewhat decrepit old age, in the '*Oyez, Oyez, Oyez*', of the town crier. The effect of these two commissions is to enable the judges to try all crimes too serious for the cognisance of Petty Sessions, up to and including murder itself. If a prisoner is found guilty at the Assizes or Quarter Sessions, he may appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeal. This Court sits in London and consists of the Lord Chief Justice and at least two other judges. They may upset the conviction on the ground that the trial judge has wrongly admitted or rejected certain evidence or has misdirected the jury on a point of law. If his appeal is dismissed, he may, in an exceptional case, lodge a further appeal to the House of Lords. This step, however, is rarely taken in criminal cases and requires the special leave of the Attorney General.

We must now turn to the Civil Courts. First, there is the County Court, presided over by a professional judge and held periodically in various towns in each county. Though it may not normally try cases in which more than £100 is at stake, it is a vital element in the structure of society and brings justice to the gate of the individual subject. To the average citizen it is as familiar as the High Court is remote—I had almost said as much a necessity as the High Court is a luxury. Four classes of business form its staple fare: the collection of debts, road accidents, usually known as 'running-down' cases, applications under the Workmen's Compensation Acts, and disputes between landlord and tenant under the Rent Restriction Acts.

Next comes the High Court of Justice, housed in the Law Courts in London, before which are brought cases involving issues too large for the County Courts. Of this Court there are at present some thirty judges, including the Lord Chief Justice. The Court is divided for convenience into three divisions, and the work of each division is arranged so as to bring before its judges the type of cases which their experience has best qualified them to hear. The King's Bench Division deals normally with such cases as trespass and negligence, libel and slander, breach of contract and the other offshoots of commercial life. The Chancery Division is concerned with the administration of estates, with company and partnership law, and with the protection of patents and copyright. The third division is called the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, and its judges deal with such difficult problems as proving wills, granting divorces and apportioning damages. In the King's Bench Division a jury is frequently, though not invariably, used; in the other two, its presence is rare.

The Court of Appeal

From a decision of any division of the High Court an appeal lies to the Court of Appeal. This is staffed by the Master of the Rolls and five Lords Justices, and sits in two tribunals. These judges may not only reverse the decision of the Court below on the ground that it is based on a misconception of the law, but may take the opportunity to correct the verdict of a jury which is so strange that no 'reasonable men and women' had they really attended to the evidence, could have reached it. They are thus occasionally constrained to check the exuberance of a jury which has allowed its feelings to better its judgment and has awarded extravagant damages. Lord Sumner once explained the mental process by which he conceived its members to have made their calculations. The jury had awarded the plaintiff £1,000 damages. Lord Sumner said, 'In my opinion, by no

formula can £1,000 be got at. For any damage really done £100 was quite enough: double it for sympathy, double it again for the jury's sense of the defendant's conduct and again for their sense of Mr. F. E. Smith's. The product is only £800. I am aware that in libel the assessment does not depend on any definite legal rule, but there must be some reasonable relation between the wrong done and the solatium applied. The verdict is excessive and cannot stand.

From the Court of Appeal, the disappointed litigant (if he has any money left) can appeal to the House of Lords. Only those Peers sit to hear the case whose legal training fits them for the task. This description covers the Lord Chancellor, any ex-Lord Chancellors and a number of 'Lords of Appeal in Ordinary', as they are called, who have been judges or have held other high legal office. The decision of the House of Lords is final; and if the result is not regarded favourably by the citizen at large, he is driven to the doubtful expedient of persuading Parliament to effect its alteration.

Such are the courts which sit to administer justice in cases arising in England and Wales—and in the case of the House of

Lords, in Scotland and Northern Ireland as well. It remains to mention one further tribunal of great dignity and importance. This is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Existing in the seventeenth century to control disputes in the 'King's Plantations', it has become the one judicial link connecting the somewhat incoherent fragments of the modern British Empire. From each of these units, self-governing Dominion and Crown Colony alike, appeals may be taken to the Committee, and, despite the diminished favour with which it is regarded in the Union of South Africa and the Irish Free State, it is still a vital element in the Imperial structure. It is staffed in practice by the same judges who sit in the House of Lords, together with occasional representatives of the area from which a particular appeal is to be heard. A few statistics will illustrate at once the ubiquity and the importance of its work. The Law Reports for 1931 contain the names of twenty-five cases brought in that year before the Privy Council. Of these cases nine came from Canada, five from Australia, four from Ceylon, and one each from New Zealand, Egypt, Nigeria, East Africa, Bechuanaland, the Straits Settlements and the Gold Coast.

Our Neighbours—IV

Some Problems of To-day in the U.S.A.

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

'In the critical times through which the United States is passing', says Mr. Ratcliffe, 'I see the Presidency being more commanding, and Congress becoming of relatively less importance in the government of the Republic'

WE come now to the Presidency, the federal system, and some of the outstanding problems facing the American people at a time when their thirty-first President is about to be elected.

The presidency of the United States is the most powerful elective office in the world. Its holder is chosen by national vote for four years. This period is unalterable. No President has been removed by any cause other than death. The President's powers are actually much greater than those of the British Prime Minister. He is called the Chief Executive, and is virtually the entire executive. His executive position is not affected if he loses his majority in the Houses of Congress, although when that happens his power of influencing legislation is naturally diminished. As a matter of fact, his party is often in a minority in the second half of his term. As to his personal authority, Woodrow Wilson put the central point quite clearly. 'The President', he wrote, long before his own election, 'is at liberty, both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can. His capacity will set the limit'. That is very nearly the whole truth. The President chooses his own Cabinet, and in doing so he is not required to seek advice from party leaders, or anyone else. The Cabinet consists of the heads of ten principal government departments, the two most important of these being the Treasury and the Department of State (the Foreign Office). Note particularly a few things that mark the contrast between our system of Cabinet and Parliament and the American congressional system. No member of the United States Cabinet is allowed to sit in Congress, and it is not usual for the President to appoint a man who has been a Senator or a member of the House of Representatives. Nor is the President even expected to make up his team from among the men who are most prominent in national politics. He uses his own judgment and ranges at large over the country. How different a way is this from ours! When a party Government is being formed in England, any one of us can name six, or ten, well-known politicians who are sure to be in the Cabinet. But if Governor Roosevelt should defeat Mr. Hoover next month very few people in the United States will be able to give in advance the name of even one member of the Cabinet.

Again, there is in the United States no rule of Cabinet agreement or responsibility. The administration is not responsible to Congress. Members of the Cabinet hold their offices from the President alone. If any one of them has to go, the President dismisses him; and however important he may be, his going does not shake the administration. That cannot fall.

One very important element in the President's power is the immense range of patronage. The permanent Civil Service has been greatly extended in the past thirty years, but a change of Government still means the transfer of some thousands of posts in the federal service. For instance, every postmaster in the United States is appointed by the President. You can see from this illustration alone that a change in the Presidency directly affects the lives of a very large number of American citizens. Of course, a change in the headship of the British Government makes no such difference in jobs and earnings.

The President is at liberty to be as big a man as he can be: what does that mean? It means that in a time of crisis the President can take all power into his own hands. He does do so, and the nation applauds. In normal peace times a President who is

wise is careful not to assert his power. He prefers to work with the Houses of Congress, and he strives especially to have them on his side for carrying the bills that he considers most important for the credit of his administration. Presidents differ greatly in their attitude to Congress. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson dominated. Calvin Coolidge did not imitate those two masterful statesmen and did not wish to. Congress continually went against him, but the times were prosperous and it did not matter much. During the three years of the great depression the American people have looked to President Hoover for resolute action towards Congress; they would undoubtedly have supported him if he had assumed some powers of a dictator. 'The President should do it' becomes an almost universal feeling, and it is not improbable that when election day comes Mr. Hoover may find that the result has been governed to a large extent by the popular judgment upon himself in this one respect. But, on the other hand, as I need hardly remind you, a vast democracy will turn ruthlessly upon a national leader who, in exerting his authority, may have misread the popular mind.

From Lincoln to Wilson

I have referred in these talks to several of the earlier Presidents. Let us glance in passing at those who in the later period have been most conspicuous. There is no dispute as to the greatest name. Abraham Lincoln stands by himself. The Civil War period is not to be imagined without him. His murder, in the hour when wisdom and moderation such as his were most needed, must be deemed one of the greatest calamities of the modern age. After Lincoln no strong President appeared for twenty years. It is not until we reach Grover Cleveland, in the 'eighties, that we find an occupant of the White House who belongs to the great line; and then we come to the two men who, in strikingly different ways, showed how commanding an office the Presidency could be, who challenged and commanded their generation. Theodore Roosevelt was at the head of affairs for nearly eight years. He was an extraordinarily vital and energetic ruler, with a habit of asserting on all occasions the power of the United States. He filled the world with his words and deeds. He was the only American who has ever sought to be President for a third term, and his mistaken judgment in 1912 stands as one of the decisive events of our time. Between Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson there is almost every possible contrast of character and habit, and nothing could more strikingly illustrate the irony of human affairs than the fact that the one and not the other should have been President when the United States was called upon to make the crucial decision as to entry, or not, into the Great War. There is no outstanding leader of our time more difficult to estimate fully and justly than Woodrow Wilson. But it is impossible, I think, to go over his record without seeing that as President before the crash and complication of the War he was not far from the type of the great constitutional leader. He was one of the few moderns who in high office have acted upon the principles he had already proclaimed, and he gave to the first part of his term a character of successful legislation that was certainly not surpassed by any former President. The question whether in the future the office of President will be as impressive, and its authority as unquestioned, as it was in Roosevelt's day and in Wilson's, is very interesting. My own emphatic view is that it will be. In the

critical times through which the United States is passing and has still to pass I see the Presidency being more commanding, not less, and Congress becoming of relatively less importance in the government of the Republic.

Republicans and Democrats

There are, as you know, two Houses of Congress (there are two houses also in each of the forty-eight State Legislatures, but with those we are not here concerned). The Senate in Washington has 96 members, two for each State. The House of Representatives has 435, allotted on a basis of population. The House is elected entirely every two years. A senator's term is six years, one-third of the chamber going out every second year.

Congress is divided between Republicans and Democrats; such others as contrive to get in are too few to count. It is not by any means easy to explain to English people the difference between the two parties. In America there never has been the antagonism so familiar to us, between Liberal or Radical and Conservative, while there is no political Labour Party and is not likely to be. The Republicans during the past sixty years have been the party of business and Big Business, and after the War they were emphatically the prosperity party. The Democrats were originally the country party, the party of the independent farmer. In the great cities the Democrats are usually the less conservative. They include the Irish, and large bodies of industrial workers, especially those of the immigrant communities. In the Western States the natural separation between conservative and progressive has little to do with the party label, and the West is traditionally Republican. For it should always be remembered that the broad division between the American parties was made by the Civil War. The North was Republican, fighting to maintain the Union and to finish slavery out of hand. This made the white Southerners all Democrats: not because they were what we mean by democratic—very far from it; but because they fought to the death against the North. Hence arose the solid South, the block of States in which there is still only one party among the white population, and that party the Democrats. Governor Roosevelt, like every other Democratic candidate, depends upon the solid South for the basis of his vote in the fight for the Presidency.

Wet and Dry

The Presidency and the federal system, as you see, make a very large subject. We cannot pursue it here. I must try now to put before you the important points in connection with a few of the more urgent social problems of America.

First, as I think you will expect, Prohibition. A great change has come over this baffling question since the last election. prohibition, of course, cannot be a clear party issue. 'Wets' and 'Drys' are in both parties, although, as America has shown, one party can be, or must be, wetter than the other. In 1928, Mr. Hoover was the unequivocal Dry candidate; but the country was given a plain hint as to his attitude when, in his inaugural address as President, he read the American people a grave lecture on the prevalence of crime and their shocking disobedience to law. Everybody knew what was in the President's mind. He was thinking, first, of the widespread defiance of the prohibition law; and he was thinking, secondly, of the terrifying growth of violent crime, especially in the great cities—the armed gangs, the liquor bandits, the organised forces of the underworld, which have become far more potent and outrageous since the enormous business of bootleg liquor was developed.

The appalling evil of gang terrorism is of very long standing in the American cities, but the fact is not to be denied that it has grown enormously since the gangs discovered that the market for liquor could be thoroughly organised and that profits in the illicit trade were unlimited. National prohibition was established in 1920, and for a short time it looked as though America might be able to make a relative success of this unexampled experiment. The Drys were confident. But two most powerful forces were under-estimated. One was the money motive; the demand for liquor came from a very large body of people who in the time of prosperity did not care how much they paid for it. The other was the simple refusal of many millions of good citizens—the class upon which all governments rely for keeping up the decent practice of lawful living—to obey the Dry law, and their tendency to drink liquor just because it was forbidden to the free citizen. The fact has had to be admitted that national prohibition cannot be enforced (and in any case a Government cannot enforce a law: it will only be accepted and obeyed if supported by the community); and in a time of depression and budget deficits such as this, the Government hears the taxpayers ask angrily why the revenue from liquor should be enriching the gangsters instead of going into the Treasury to reduce taxation.

The significant new political fact is that national prohibition has been abandoned by the leaders of both great parties. Governor Roosevelt, for the Democrats, is for outright repeal of the Dry law. Mr. Hoover for the Republicans, would give up federal enforcement and allow each State to manage its own liquor problem—with this proviso, that the power of the federal

Government would have to be used for the support of those States that are resolved to remain Dry.

People naturally ask, What is the practical difference between the two policies? If Governor Roosevelt becomes President will his Government repeal the Dry law? The answer to this question is not at all simple, as you will see. The Dry law is a formal amendment to the U.S.A. Constitution, the eighteenth. There have been nineteen amendments in all; each one has been ratified by three-fourths of the States, and not one has ever been got rid of. Thirteen States out of the forty-eight can bar repeal of the eighteenth amendment. The Drys maintain that they will always be able to count upon at least that number and so keep Prohibition in the Constitution. We shall see. Most Americans, I think, would agree that repeal cannot be near, and that there is a long and bitter and socially ruinous struggle over the liquor problem ahead of their country. The American people, that is to say, must go through a very difficult interval during which the liquor traffic will be open once more, the authorities not being in a position to keep it down.

A certain number of public men are in favour of the Canadian system, making liquor a government monopoly in the hands of the Governments of the separate States. But public opinion in America is very far from welcoming this idea. The majority view undoubtedly is that the liquor trade is one in which the Government should not engage. It is very much to be regretted that, after the failure of enforcement became apparent, the political and social leaders did not begin to hammer out an alternative American policy. One thing is undeniable: the United States will be, and must be, a land in which the liquor traffic is kept under public restriction and control; but what form that control will ultimately take no one can tell.

Gangs and Grafters

And now a few words about the gang tyranny, the violence and public corruption of the great cities—a subject which, of course, it is impossible to treat in brief.

Americans frequently complain that we are always thinking of their country in such terms as these. They say that in the eyes of the British people the United States is nothing but the land of the new banditry, of Scarface Capone and Legs Diamond, of bootleggers and highjackers armed with machine-guns, of mayors like Bill Thompson of Chicago and Jimmy Walker of New York, of great cities that have allowed their treasuries to be so looted that they cannot pay their teachers and policemen. Well, it may be regrettable that many people do so think of the U.S.A.; but one part of the answer must be that our newspapers, for all their love of sensation, have not invented it all. These things are the big news on the other side. The American Press makes a daily exposure of violent crime and police corruption, and of officials found guilty of making away with public funds. This makes a terrible self-portrait of present-day America, which is filled out for the myriad devotees of the moving pictures by the stock film of American crime, brutality, and extravagant adventure. As to the films, we may certainly say that if one-tenth of the capital that Hollywood has wasted on exploiting the wild and vicious sides of American life had been expended in patriotic fashion upon displaying the mighty American achievement, the building of a new civilisation, the vitality and variety of the land and people as the ordinary traveller sees them, the good American would have no cause to complain.

But, when Hollywood and the yellow Press have been allowed for, have we not to recognise that in the business and public life of the United States there is evidence of grosser evils than are to be found in any other modern country? Al Capone and the gangs are real; the scandals of the Teapot Dome, of the Thompson rule in Chicago and Tammany in New York are actual and proved? They are. Americans and well-wishers of America have nothing to say in reply to the facts themselves. In America nothing is covered up; everything in the end comes out. It is the explanation of the facts that they and we should be anxious to discover. I will note a few principal points in this explanation.

I repeat that no other country has had so huge and complex a job as that which the U.S.A. was compelled to shoulder. The American nation is not yet integrated, and the hardest part of its task has had to be done in an age when wealth was easily made and the temptations to misuse it were overpowering. We must remember, too, that the republic began in violent resistance, and that through the great century of expansion the nation was being built amid the rawest conditions. Defiance of law is in the American blood. And I must add one thing which has been of the greatest importance in the United States, despite its strong democratic tradition. The best men, unfortunately, have taken little active part; and too many of those who look upon themselves as the better people in the community have tended to keep out of politics, both local and national. But how can self-governing countries make good if this habit is general, if the drudgery of public life is avoided by the very men and women who ought to be doing it? Obviously they cannot. And perhaps one good result of the unlimited publicity which Americans have given to their own social disorders will be seen in a revival of interest in genuine self-government and a recapturing of the older belief that the public life is the concern of all citizens.

Studies in Musical Heresy—X

The Dangers of Classicism

By FRANCIS TOYE

THE thesis put forward in this article may so easily be misunderstood that it is advisable at the outset to state quite clearly what it does *not* mean.

First then, it does not mean that it is dangerous to love the classics; only that there is a danger in a certain attitude towards the classics. Second, it does not imply that the music of the classical masters seems to the writer (or to anybody else) anything but the best music. How could any one who loves the music of Handel and Mozart above all other possibly bring himself to appear as an advocate for such blasphemy! Lastly, it does not mean that study and love of the classics does not remain an indispensable factor in the proper training of anyone who wishes to approach the art of music in a reasonable and well-balanced way. The idea, prevalent in a few exceedingly limited circles, that it is rather chic than otherwise to begin a liking for music with, let us say, Debussy, carries its own condemnation with it. To me these negatives seem so self-evident that I feel almost ashamed to write them down. But the capacity of the average reader for misunderstanding is so vast that there seems no alternative. Experience has taught me that a writer, unless he takes pains to emphasise the contrary (and sometimes even then), is invariably associated with a more or less exaggerated interpretation of the general tenor of his remarks rather than with what he actually writes.

Now it so happens, as must be emphasised once more, that the music of the classical masters is the music that I happen to like best; some more, some less, of course; but, taken in bulk, so to speak, undoubtedly best. Speaking generally, no music written in the twentieth century gives me anything like the pleasure afforded me by music written before then, but, unlike the majority of music-lovers, I am not pleased with this state of things. I am rather ashamed of it than otherwise and would be glad to feel differently. From the æsthetic point of view, no art should be able to give us quite the thrill of contemporary art, for that art alone is capable of suggesting that sense of adventure which is one of the keenest delights of artistic appreciation.

So that when I find, as I do, my chief musical delight in the operas of Verdi, the songs of Schubert, the symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, the chamber music of Brahms, the oratorios of Handel, the fugues of Bach, I have an uneasy suspicion that, if any adjective must be attached to this taste at all, it should be uncomplimentary rather than the reverse. The man who enjoys the keenest æsthetic sensibility should demand, first and foremost, some artistic interpretation of the psychology and the phenomena of his own time, for the very good reason that they must be more real to him than those of any other time.

It is possible, of course, even probable, that our present civilisation is highly unfavourable to the arts. We live in a period when the best brains in the world and almost all the enthusiasm of the younger generation is given to science and mechanics, which are certainly not favourable to musical interpretation in particular. Nor, I believe, is that passion for psychological probing so prevalent nowadays among the intellectual classes of advanced views, though this, of course, is a more debatable point. In any case, whatever may be the reason, there is no doubt that speaking generally the music of contemporary composers makes little or no appeal to nine out of ten music-lovers. It may be that our contemporary composers are devoid of genius—after all we have no right to expect that there shall always be in the world a composer of real genius; such men have been comparatively rare in the history of music—or merely that conditions are so unfavourable compared with, let us say, the Romantic period, that their genius finds unprecedented obstacles to expression. At any rate we are confronted by the phenomenon, to the best of my knowledge unparalleled, of an entire generation not only disinclined but increasingly disinclined to take pleasure in contemporary musical output, preferring, even in the case of its younger members, to turn to music of the past.

This is a very bad business, to which this article is designed to call attention. The orthodox, rather smug, assumption that a liking for classical music is inevitably and invariably the hallmark of good taste should not be allowed to go unchallenged. Doubtless such a preference is a sign of 'good taste', but, as I have had occasion to point out elsewhere, good taste is and always has been the enemy of genius, which remains the factor of overwhelming importance in the arts. There is a grave danger that those who are content to take their pleasure solely in the music of the past, should be led into the mortal æsthetic sins of complacency and excessive reverence. The present passion for Bach's music provides a good instance of the dangers of complacency. Every musical amateur in this country is apparently convinced that all he has to do to prove his exceptional musicality is to profess an invariable admiration for any and every work of the great John Sebastian. Since Bach did in fact write an enormous quantity of music, often at great speed, it seems to me impossible that most of it should reach the soaring pinnacles on which rest works like the Matthew Passion, the B Minor Mass and the great organ fugues; but that does not trouble the kind of people I have in mind. They just 'like Bach' and wrap themselves contentedly in the cloak of their own superiority. The instance is stressed because it is topical and particularly striking, but it can be paralleled in the attitudes taken up towards other great composers, notably Mozart. Personal observation has led me to believe that such an attitude is, as a rule, incompatible with the most sensitive kind of musical feeling. It is a gesture rather than an emotion; an educational rather than an æsthetic approach to the art. It is, I fear, very common in this country.

The danger of excessive reverence is more subtle in that it is bound up with what is good as well as with what is bad, a sense of style being essential to any good interpretation of the classics. But a sense of style is one thing and a determination to be orthodox and respectable at all costs is another. Thus there are certain conductors who, when playing Beethoven's symphonies, seem intent mainly on impressing on the audience that Beethoven is a great classic, thereby winning the admiration of all who wish to approach Beethoven's music in an unduly reverent manner. But Beethoven was not a great classic when he wrote his works; he was a highly explosive and violent composer, whose music sounded so terrible to his contemporaries that it caused susceptible ladies to throw fits and turned the musical world inside out.

If any interpreter of Beethoven's music is incapable of making people to-day recapture something, at any rate, of this attitude, he is at fault; just as an interpreter who fails to make a modern audience realise the fundamental melancholy and emotion of Mozart's music is at fault.

Probably it is impossible in the most favourable circumstances to recapture precisely emotions felt by the contemporaries of the great classical composers when hearing their music, but it is the first effort that we should make, otherwise our love of the classics, however genuine it may seem to ourselves, is a very second-rate affair. We must recapture the sense of adventure, the thrill, without which no music can really be said to be alive. The music of the great classical masters is the best music that has been written in the world, but we stand in continual and urgent danger of swallowing it as we might swallow a bottle of first-class champagne that has been opened for a few hours. The basic quality of the substance is the same, but the life has gone out of it.

We are glad to see that in one or two towns the experiment is being tried of using wireless talks for the instruction of local unemployed youths. For example, at Middlesbrough, through the efforts of Mr. Stanley Moffett, the Director of Education, a wireless set has been installed at the Juvenile Instruction Centre, which will enable a suitable selection of the afternoon broadcasts to schools to be received by the young unemployed.

The Cinema

The Summit of Sensationalism

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THE present time of year is supposed to be the peak season in the cinema, when important celluloid that has been held up during the hot weather is supposed to flood the cinemas and make critics faint with joy. But it must be announced with great regret on my part that apart from 'Grand Hotel' and Harold Lloyd's new comedy, 'Movie Crazy', the London cinemas are currently offering no new fare which provides a commanding excuse for leaving the comforts of home and the fireside radio set. 'Grand Hotel' has, I understand, been discussed at great length by my colleague, Miss Lejeune, while I was on holiday. This film is playing to extraordinary business at the Palace Theatre—a sure tribute to the pulling-power of five stars in one picture. Old pessimist that I am, the long queues of people waiting to get into the Palace Theatre fill me with gloom rather than sunshine concerning the immediate commercial future of the film producers. It seems to me only one more example of the producers' lack of that business acumen on which they so pride themselves. The presence of Garbo, Crawford, Beery and the Barrymores in 'Grand Hotel' is not advantageous to the film artistically but, if anything, harmful, for the emphasis that should have been laid on the Hotel has to be removed to underline in red ink each of these five, in accordance with their several reputations and stellar dignity. The film is top-heavy with stars. On the other hand there is the undoubted fact that 'Grand Hotel' with the five stars in it will make more money for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer than it would have done without them. This immediate consideration was, as usual, allowed to oust any faint tendencies to common sense that may lurk within the consciousness of Hollywood producers and supervisors. There was, of course, no thought for what would happen afterwards. What is the next step? Five stars in one film are now commonplace. The next big special production will have to have six or seven to create any sort of a stir. Meanwhile the humble little one-star film on which the producers rely for their daily bread becomes more humble still as we, the consumers, are taught to be blasé. In the film business as we have it now the producers found a goose that laid millions of golden eggs a week, but they have been slowly but carefully killing the goose with their own hands.

Paving the Way for Anti-Climax

But I am far from viewing the situation with alarm. The quicker the goose is killed by the people who found it the better I shall be pleased, for the status which the cinema has so far held in England and America—that of a cheap catch-penny stunt—is one which I don't want to see perpetuated any longer than can be helped. It is lucky for onlookers like myself that we don't have to do anything to help the goose into the hereafter, for the job is being beautifully done by the producers. 'Grand Hotel' is just the end of one more blind-alley down which they have tried to find a fresh outlet. Every big film company to-day has spies covering the world in search of new stars, and there simply are not enough of them in existence, any more than there are or ever will be enough good writers to turn out story material for the hundreds of films which the industry is trying to make every year. There will never be a seven-star film to outdo 'Grand Hotel' because there are not enough stars to go round. What stunts and sensations are there now left for the producers to try on us? Spectacular war and crowd scenes they can no longer afford on a scale comparable with the old silent film days, when dollars were flung about like confetti. Every sensation of so-called 'modernism' has been attempted, to such an extent that a film shown three weeks ago in London was advertised as 'a modern story of more than modern people'. Both in advertising and on the screen every stitch of clothing that the law allows or is likely to allow has been removed from the platinum blondes who represent 'modern' love. What do the producers do now, poor things? They have promised their consumers sensation, and don't know how to supply it. They can think of nothing else but to repeat the same old sensations, which won't do, because they have taught us to expect always something bigger and better than we had last time. They have pursued sensation down every alley and side street, only to find now that their quarry is in sight that it has been worn away to an almost invisible shadow by the fury of the pursuit. It is getting gradually to the point where the whole business of film-making will have to be reorganised on the only lines on which it can ever establish itself sanely and permanently. Whether the present producers like it or not—and they have made it sufficiently obvious that they don't—studios will be forced to become mere housing-places for the facilities necessary to film-making. The impetus for making a film will have to come from the man who is going to make it, not from a board of cigar-chewing business men who order him to do what they regard as profitable, generally against his personal tastes and wishes. The only

sensation left now is artistic sincerity, and that is the one sensation that does not wear out.

Weeding Out the Superfluous

That such a change as this will come about fairly soon, for no reason except that it cannot help itself, I have not the smallest doubt. Every avenue has been explored in the effort to make a success of the new idea, never tried before movies were invented, of turning out what is fundamentally art from a factory run on mechanical lines. Various film factories have flourished for a time, but not one of them has been able to keep it up successfully more than a few years. The former proud leaders of the new 'industry' in America are one and all in a state bordering on bankruptcy, for in their hectic competitive struggles to make more and more money out of wilder and wilder sensations they have inflated their business far beyond the limits within which it could run with economic stability. The closing of thousands of cinemas all over the world is inevitable, for there are far too many of them; and so is the reduction by at least half of the number of films turned out each year. Both of these processes are now gradually going on under the terrific pressure of the first great economic crisis through which the film business has passed. More than probably the industry as we now know it will be completely reorganised on a different basis before very long, and when that happens it will not be surprising if several of the big companies which have until now been regarded as mainstays of the industry pass out of existence. As for the British companies, they are at present still on the up-curve and slightly intoxicated with success, but unless they introduce a measure of sanity into the method of running their studios they will inevitably find themselves in a year or two facing the same blank wall that Hollywood is now facing. They will find that you cannot run such an industry on novelty and sensation value alone, because novelties and sensations wear out. Bitter as the pill may be for them to swallow, the so-called 'brilliant young production geniuses' who at present decide what shall and what shall not be filmed, and then give orders to the creative faculty as if they were office-boys, will have to keep their noses in their ledgers and leave the job of creating to those who have the proper temperament to do it.

Twenty Years Behind the Times

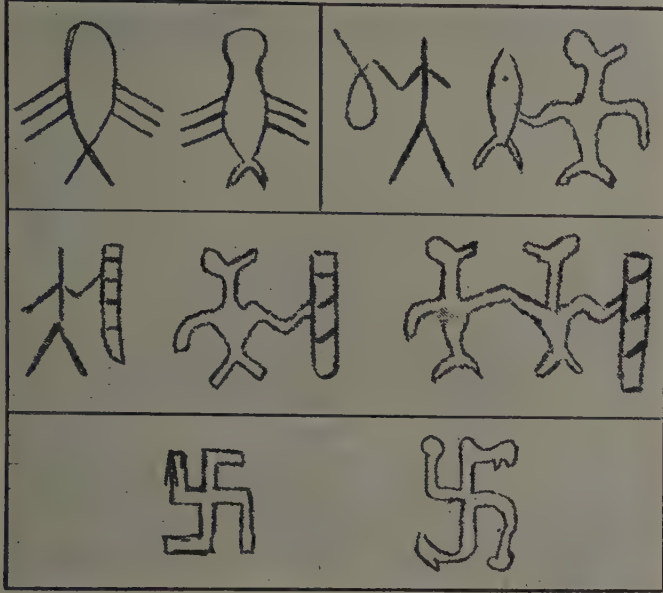
Living as we are in perhaps the most interesting period of latter-day history, a period of colossal social changes and moral and spiritual upheavals, the cinema, which is *par excellence* the art of the moment, has shut its eyes tight to what is going on and still devotes itself, though perhaps with more subtlety than formerly, to the perpetuation of the drivelling old formulas about men who make good and are rewarded by the hand in marriage of a simpering half-undressed blonde. In spite of variations this still remains the basic formula of the movies, although the attitude towards life of the people in the world, the people who make life and who also pay to see the films, has completely changed since the day when this formula was perfected in the early part of the present century. Because the acquisition of money and blondes is the sole aim in life of a small group of film producers, cinema-goers are compelled to live with a philosophy in which no other aim is permissible or possible.

Intelligent film-goers have suffered severely from the breakdown of the old production regime in Germany and the temporary eclipse of Russia and France. Germany and France are finding things very difficult because the talkies have so terribly reduced the size of their markets. Russia seems to have been marking time lately, for her films have, with only one exception, 'The Road to Life', been far inferior to those she was producing two or three years ago. I gather that this is due to the fact that there has been a proletarian oligarchy busily at work stepping on the creative artists of the Russian cinema, just as there has been and still is an oligarchy of rapacious Jews stepping on the potential film artists of England and America. The good news came through last month that this group of tyrants in Russia has now been ousted, and a new regime is now beginning in which the politicians will not exercise such a choking control over the film-makers. This has brought some much-needed fresh air into the Russian cinema world, and films of international appeal are now being turned out. Pudovkin, who made 'The End of St. Petersburg', has one called 'The Deserter' almost ready for release. Dovchenko of 'Earth' fame has a new film called 'Ivan', and Nikolai Ekk, who made 'The Road to Life', is also at work again. Meanwhile Eisenstein's production made in Mexico is tied up in a New York film vault and neither he nor anyone else seems to know what is going to happen to it. He has, however, returned to work in Moscow and is preparing something entirely new for Russia, a human story on comedy lines with little or no propaganda.

Science in the Making

By GERALD HEARD

FOR some time we have known that the sign-writing from that buried city of earliest India, Mohenjo Daro, was akin to the first sign-writing used in Mesopotamia. That is remarkable enough considering that the Indus valley, where Mohenjo Daro lies, and the Land of the Euphrates and the Tigris



In each of these sets of script the left-hand sign is from the Indus Valley and that on the right from Easter Island

are some fourteen hundred miles apart. But now a French scholar has shown that this earliest Indian script is obviously akin to another script that was found ten thousand miles away on that loneliest and most mysterious of islands—Easter Island. Easter Island is, of course, one of the real wonders and mysteries of the world, for on it, a small island which seems never to have been able to support more than some five thousand people, are scattered about the remains of hundreds of huge statues of stone. A smallish specimen stands in the porch of the British Museum. Now it has been found that the writing which has been preserved on hard pieces of wood found on the island has very curious similarities with the writing found in the ruins of the forgotten cities in the Indus valley. Did civilisation then diffuse itself out from one centre, and is all our culture sprung from one stem? Some archaeologists hold this view very strongly. Others are not quite certain as yet: they want more facts. Here undoubtedly is a very important one. We must watch this exploration, for we are probably about to lay bare one of the foundation-stones of our history—the story of how the first civilisation spread round half the world.

And here are two more links that science has lately picked up. The first is some hundred millions of years old, and the second perhaps twice that age. The hundred-million-year-old antique is a skeleton of the *Nodosaurus*, one of those great lizards which, while they lived, were the strongest creatures life had made. This beast is important because up to the present only a few pieces of its armour had been found. Now we have nearly all of its bones, and, what is most important, the greater part of its skull. For these lizards have a provoking way of losing their heads, and we want to know particularly about their heads, for the paradoxical reason that they seem to have made so little use of them. Nearly all these vast dragons had ridiculously small heads and, what is more, there was no room for a brain, the head being no more than a periscope and pincers. When you see casts taken of the brain cavity you see the most surprising thing: the spinal column should blow out into the brain, which directs all the conscious movements of any animal, but the brain—the seat of intelligence—is simply not there. The spinal chord goes into the skull, swells a little and stops. You see that raises a question far more interesting than any-

thing else about these great beasts. For, faced with this evidence, we have to ask, were these creatures really conscious at all? The present evidence seems to suggest that they were not. They were driven by impulses from the lower nerve-centres. They were probably little more conscious than a decapitated frog that twitches when an electric current runs through its body. That, I think, throws a very important light on life and on its past. For we often feel, when looking back over these immense ages and the incessant struggles that went on between these monstrous beasts, how slow and cruel life is. But that is because we read our own feelings into these animals, which, it now seems, were more different from us in their minds than in their outlandish bodies. We want to know much more about the nerves that ran them, and fortunately, in their skulls, when we find them, there is the print and outline of the knot of nerves which took for them the place of a brain, and when we have more of these casts and can study these remains more fully, I think we may find in the end that the past was not as terrible as we in our ignorance have supposed, but that after all life may have justified itself even in its clumsiest children.

The other find, perhaps two hundred million years old, is possibly even more important as a link. It comes in news from Greenland. A scientific expedition has just returned, and reports that it has found in a dried-up bay a bed of fossils, and that these fossils are of a creature which, up to the present, had not been found but which, as the police say, has long been wanted. For it seems that up there there has been brought to light an essential witness in a very difficult controversy. Few people who have studied the question doubt that life has evolved from the simplest forms to the higher forms we know to-day. But in the demonstration of that ascent some important steps have been lacking, or very ill-defined. A very important step in that development is when the fishes began to turn into reptiles, for that meant that life was making its great effort to leave the sea, where it began, and to conquer the land where it has found its greatest triumphs. It is very important, then, to learn that there have been found masses of fossils of a creature which seems the missing link between fish and reptile. The creature seems to resemble those strange survivals, the Lung Fish, which when there is water behave like fishes, but which, when their pool dries up, bury themselves in the mud and can



One of the mysterious giant images of Easter Island, whose origin and purpose are still unknown to archaeologists

E.N.A.

breathe with lungs of a sort. But the surviving fish is helpless to escape from its dried-up pool. The fossil link seems to have rudimentary legs. Perhaps it crawled out when the pool dried up and so found itself the first creature to make land. Anyhow, with this find we are putting one more piece into the vast jig-saw puzzle which in the end will give us the whole chart of life's story from the jelly-fish to man.

*How the Mind Works—IV**Instinct and Habit*

By the Medical Director of the London Child Guidance Clinic

MUCH has been written by scientists on the subject of the instincts, and yet there is little agreement as to their nature and even their number, though all believe that both humans and animals are capable of carrying out certain very complicated procedures which are necessary to life and survival, without instruction or example.

The sucking of an infant, the running away from danger, the desire for marriage, and the tendency to protect the young are all instinctive, and are clearly observable, but there are other less definite tendencies such as the egotism of the toddler, the group spirit of the ten year old, and the philosophical attitude of the adolescent, which may rightly be included amongst the instincts; and it is with this broad conception in view that I shall deal with them.

Habit is also a term which it is hard to define. We talk of bad and good habits and of 'getting into the habit' of behaving in a certain way. Thinkers have spent much time discussing the exact meaning of the word. For our purpose we may consider a habit as a series of acts which are repeated from time to time, often quite automatically, as a response to a certain situation. We make a habit of rising at a certain time each morning, probably with the exception of Sunday. As soon as the clock indicates the particular hour, we get up and get on with our dressing. As the day goes on, our routine is composed of innumerable habits. We are unconscious of the less complicated of these, and would even deny their existence if they were pointed out to us. How few of us are aware of those little habits which we call mannerisms, often the cause of amusement or maybe irritation to our friends or relations. Even complicated habits, such as dressing, may go on with only the slightest supervision from our conscious mind, so long as the routine is not interfered with, but the lost collar stud or the broken shoelace will suddenly bring us back to reality with a jerk. Habits can have their origin in instinctive behaviour or more often in other ways, since many habitual actions are the result of learning and training.

Nature Works Towards Normality

Now let us stop a moment to consider why we need to think so much about our minds and those of our children and how they work. It is, after all, healthy to enquire how things work, and in asking how minds work we are merely going a stage further than the child who takes his engine to pieces, and are but little behind the mathematician who seeks a formula for the orbit of a star. The 'How?' and the 'Why?' of the child may be very fatiguing to the parent and the destruction of the engine irritating, but they are manifestations of a desire for knowledge, which is one of the fundamentals of human advance. Knowledge about the minds of our children makes them, to some of us at least, of much greater interest, just as an understanding of our motor-car may increase the pleasure of driving it.

In thinking of the working of the mind, it is essential that we do not concentrate on the abnormal only. Study of our children's minds should increase our interest in them, and enable us more fully to understand them—so that we view lesser behaviour difficulties calmly and without worry. Let us keep firmly in our minds the knowledge that nature works towards normality, but in many cases by a process of trial and error, so that when we see the errors (and they are appearing constantly in nature), we should remember that in the vast majority of cases she corrects them herself, and also sees to it that they do not occur again. This principle of trial and error plays a very great part, too, in the development and persistence of instincts, and the formation of habits. The indication of error is dissatisfaction or some unpleasant association, and therefore the particular act tends to be given up, and some other method will probably be tried in future.

Instinctive behaviour arises from tendencies which actually exist in the mind of the child at birth. It occurs spontaneously and without any influence from outside. The hungry baby searches for food, and if unsatisfied says so in the only way he knows. The instinct of the baby is met, however, by the instinct of the mother, who holds him so that the source of nourishment is easily got at. If all goes well then a normal feeding habit will be formed; if not, feeding difficulties may arise, unless some substitute can be evolved to give the baby satisfaction. Then an alternative food habit is developed. Feeding by sucking is one of the earliest instinctive reactions to appear, but it is rapidly followed by others, such as the raising of the head when the baby is lying on his face, to avoid possible suffocation, the turning over on the back, crawling, walking, and so on.

Necessity for Normal Emotional Environment

For the completely normal evolution of what we may call the child's instinctive life, it is necessary that he should be cared for by persons who supply him with the normal emotional

environment in which to develop. By this I do not mean that a complete household, consisting of a mother and father and brothers and sisters, is necessary. Often this is not possible, yet that does not mean that normal development cannot take place. What I want you to realise is that, just as in the case of the sucking situation we have already mentioned, the infant and the parent each plays an instinctive part, so later on the instincts of parent and child react on each other, and when there is a normal relation between parent and child normal growth is the more easy.

I said just now that instincts appear, develop, and disappear, in the normal course of events. Take, for instance, the instinct to crawl. At an age which is very variable, almost every child discovers that he can crawl, and after a few days' practice he manages to get about quite well in this way. He gets lots of fun out of it, and his world accordingly becomes much bigger. A little later, however, as his nervous system becomes still more mature, he discovers that a more practical way of getting about is to walk like the grown-ups, and he quickly gives up crawling. It is interesting and important to note, however, that the mechanism of crawling is not really lost, and that the adult may revert to its use under certain circumstances, such as strong emotion. If we suddenly find ourselves in some perilous situation, on a high ledge, or on a narrow bridge without hand railings, the tendency is to drop on our hands and knees and crawl—we feel safer that way. Another factor, however, enters into this question of regression to primitive instinctive modes of behaviour. If the instinctive behaviour, when originally formed, was the cause of much satisfaction and pleasure, then the chances of its being reverted to later are much greater. If a child is deprived of present satisfaction, then he will naturally tend to try re-adopting some old line of behaviour from which he got pleasure in the past. This is, in many instances, a completely unconscious procedure, and is not carried out of design. A child who has learned to connect marked satisfaction with the act of sucking may, during situations of stress or depression, take to thumb-sucking, even though long after weaning age; while another, who succeeded in getting and much enjoyed a lot of attention during a difficult weaning, may, at a later date, develop food fads. This regression is very commonly seen in the behaviour of children who are faced with some emotional difficulty, and from this you can easily imagine how important it is to recognise the natural rhythm of instinctive development, and to allow it to flow freely and without undue emphasis at any stage. During the very early days, the instinctive drives are such as to ensure that nourishment is taken, and that the parents' attention is attracted when need arises. There are also many minor reactions such as gripping solid objects for greater security, and the tendency to raise the head when lying on the face, as has already been mentioned. During this period the parents are made by their own instincts to behave in a particular way, the mother toward the child and the father to the mother and also to the child, though to a somewhat lesser extent than the mother. When the infant begins to crawl, and has got past the weaning stage, he is much more independent, though he naturally still relies on the parents, but in a somewhat different degree. Then the parents become more equally to be relied on by the child for his physical care, although, naturally, the mother is still the more important and tends to be more protective. Here we have a situation which does sometimes give rise to difficulty—since, especially in the case of boys, the father is often a little alarmed at what he sees as maternal over-protection. He need not, however, take it too seriously—solicitous maternal care at this stage seldom does much harm, unless, of course, it is grossly overdone.

Independence and Egotism

As independence develops, so the child himself begins to feel that he is more and more of a person, and he becomes increasingly egotistical. Further, he usually attempts to increase his personal value by displaying his power over others and acquiring property. He often acquires his property in unorthodox manners, and tries to dominate not only his contemporaries, but his parents as well. Another method of making himself self-important, which probably we have all come across, is the recital of fantastic tales of his own achievements. None of these activities need cause any anxiety—they are natural. We must remember, however, that the best antidote for them is to allow the child the satisfaction of achievement. If he is given affection, playmates, and outlets for his activities, all will go forward quite naturally and the phase will pass. This stage will occupy the period between about two years and five, but naturally an evolution will be taking place all the while.

Interests will be constantly changing, and he will be showing signs of the development of social instincts in preparation for his joining in social activities. Small children like friends of similar age to themselves, but do not show much interest in co-operating with large groups. They will play at make-believe in twos and threes, but are not much interested in sharing things, and not at all in combining into groups working for a common end, as in team activities. These come later, and are well developed about the age of seven. This is why the younger groups of scouts are organised at that age. About seven we usually find a well-developed group spirit, with an instinctive desire to work for the common good and to fill some position in relation to contemporaries. This is a most constructive instinct, and the success or failure of the individual depends very greatly on the balance between his childish conceit and his self-protective tendencies, which together lie behind his drive for success, and his ability to gain that success while keeping in view the welfare of his social group, and the rights of others. This drive for self-advancement is not always a bad thing, and to some extent is essential for success, but, as you can easily see, at the same time the balance must be struck between mere self-protection and self-gain. This balance is all the more difficult to maintain later on when the interests of wife and family may be added to the interests of self.

Though differences exist, fortunately, between children, they are on the whole very much alike, and we know that they pass through various stages of development in instincts, in behaviour, and, if I may use the word, in character. We know that from time to time they display variations from the normal course, and that all comes out well in the end, so long as we do not exaggerate and fix these temporary deviations by drawing attention to them. After all, when an infant is learning to walk, and stumbles, we do not blame him or make a fuss over his supposed injury, we may lend a helping hand and give a word of encouragement—and, above all, we do not prevent him from trying to walk again. We must realise that instincts exist, that they grow and disappear in accordance with the natural development of the child, and it is for us to lend a helping hand or a word of advice, and beyond all things to allow free play for each type of instinctive behaviour, as and when it develops. As instinctive behaviour passes through its changes, so the habits which are proper to each phase will come and go, but, as I said before, the word 'habit' covers a very wide range of behaviour reactions. Habits are responses, requiring a minimum of mental exertion, which we employ in situations which are familiar to us. They are almost automatic, and may appear quite unconsciously.

Habits may be excellent servants or bad masters. The man who can leave to habit matters of daily routine relieves his mind of much necessity for thought, and so saves his mental energy for occasions when new situations, requiring judgment, have to be met. The orderly mind, which works in a routine way, is usually expert in developing habits. A bad habit, i.e., a habitual reaction of an undesirable type, on the other hand, may be just as easily developed. It is, however, a fallacy to believe that bad habits are more easily acquired than good ones. This is by no means always the case. As I have already pointed out, a habitual action tends to be repeated when suitable occasions arise, so long as the result gives satisfaction, and in fostering habits in a child, careful routine is necessary. The habitual response should be encouraged only when the identical situation exists, and care must be taken that the final result is pleasurable. In getting rid of bad habits, similarly, we must arrange that, as far as possible, the conditions favouring the habitual response do not occur, and that, if they do occur and the habit appears, the result should not be pleasurable or should be made definitely

unpleasant. It is extremely important in any attempts to form new habits that punishment should not follow failure, since, under these circumstances, the whole situation is given such a tone of unpleasantness that training becomes all the more difficult. Praise and reward for success are much more likely to produce good results than blame and punishment for failure. In the case of bad habits, by taking away some much-prized privilege or by arranging for some unpleasant results, you can make the carrying out of the habit unpleasant and so help to make it disappear.

Substituting Legitimate Activity for Bad Habit

The question of punishment is, however, a very difficult one, and has so many aspects that it is impossible to generalise on it. With young children, by far the best method of getting rid of bad habits is the substitution for them of activities from which the child derives greater pleasure. In most instances an infant develops a bad habit purely by chance. His mind and hands are unoccupied, and he stumbles upon some occupation which turns out to be enjoyable. Naturally he repeats the experiment and a habit is formed. That Satan finds mischief for idle hands is universally true, and the provision of legitimate activity for the hands will abolish their idleness, and in time also eliminate the mischief. Time, however, is important, and it cannot be expected that a habit that has become fixed will disappear at once. It is nearly always harmful to associate an idea of wickedness with undesirable habits, for the same reason. The child is unconscious of his fault, and does not feel responsible for it. He also is unaware of the evil of his act. To be blamed for something which is practically beyond his control, and which he feels is innocent, is contrary to his sense of justice. Children are essentially just and logical, and such a situation may raise serious complications in his relations with the disciplining adult. Certain aspects of habit formation cannot be forced on the child, because there are factors within his own body upon which some habits depend. It is useless, for instance, to draw up a rigid scheme of feeding, without reference to his appetite, his size, or his exercise and sleeping periods. Certain children, as a result of special bodily needs, require different diet, and are not properly satisfied by food which has proved quite satisfactory to others. In the case of older children, who have developed an appreciation of what is done and what is not done, the matter assumes a different aspect, but I am considering here, more especially, the younger child. When dealing

with those of tender years, it is invariably best to leave out all questions of moral values, and to use simple and direct methods of implanting desirable forms of behaviour, and eliminating others.

In conclusion, and this is so important that I shall say it again, we must study and understand our children, keeping always in mind that such study ought only to make our relations with them more interesting and satisfying. Our knowledge will enable us to observe calmly these apparent peculiarities which develop from time to time, in all healthy children; and to view them merely as natural errors in the course of adjustment and growth, instead of allowing our imagination to exaggerate their significance.

Dr. Adrian Boulton, Music Director of the B.B.C., is to give a course of three lectures on the Broadcasting of Music at the Royal Institution at 3 p.m. on December 3, 10, and 17. Dr. Boulton will talk on programme building and the organisation of the weekly programmes; on technical problems such as the art of balance and control, and the correct reproduction of various instruments; on the scope and duties of the B.B.C. orchestras and choruses and the choice of soloists.

From All These Events

*From all these events, from the slump, from the war,
from the boom,*

*From the Italian holiday, from the skirring
Of the revolving light for an adventurer,
From the crowds in the square at dusk, from the shooting,
From the loving, from the dying, however we prosper in
death*

*Whether lying under twin lilies and branched candles
Or stiffened on the pavement like a frozen sack, hidden
From night and peace by the lamps:*

*From all these events, Time solitary will emerge
Like a rocket bursting from mist; above the trouble
Untangled with our pasts, be sure Time will leave us.*

*At first, growing up in us more nakedly than our own
nature,*

*Driving us beyond what seemed the final choking swamp,
Ruin, the all-covering illness, to a new and empty air;
Singling us from the war which killed ten millions;
Carrying us elate through the happy summer fields;
Nesting us in high rooms of a house where voices
Murmured at night from the garden, as if flowering from
water;*

*Then sending us to lean days after the years of fulfilment;
At last dropping us into the hard, bright crater of the
dead.*

*Our universal ally, but larger than our purpose, whose
flanks*

*Stretch to planets unknown in our brief, particular
battle,*

*Tomorrow Time's progress will forget us even here,
When our bodies are rejected like the beetle's shard,
to-day*

*Already, now, we are forgotten on those stellar shores.
Time's ambition, huge as space, will hang its flags
In distant worlds, and in years on this world as distant.*

STEPHEN SPENDER

The Doctor and the Public—IV

Health and Hard Work

By A PHYSICIAN

THERE is a very popular lay fallacy that over-work is a common cause of ill-health. 'I'm sure I overdid it, doctor', or 'It's over-work that's brought this on': how often I have listened to remarks like this. Opposite me sits the unhappy victim of over-work, a hearty well-nourished fellow, his rosy face tanned by week-end winds and sun. He shakes his head sadly as he modestly confesses to what lengths his passion for work has led him. He feels he is one of the world's unknown heroes, and he is certain, or at least very hopeful, that I shall rebuke him for his excesses, and implore him to spare himself in future, and to guard the health of a model citizen and an invaluable husband.

'What time do you get home in the evening?', I ask him. 'Oh, about six', he replies. 'And what do you do after supper?' But before he can get a word in, his attentive wife chips in with, 'He goes to sleep in his chair'. What he does with his week-ends isn't hard to imagine. You have guessed who he is, this patient; he is that pathetic figure, the tired business man.

Now, it is natural enough that we should like to put our little ailments down to so respectable a cause, but really, the halo of the over-worked is not so easily won as this. Any doctor whose patients cover a wide social range—from manual workers, through men and women engaged in business, technical and professional work, to those whose only occupation is the toil of pleasure—learns to be rather doubtful about the dangers of over-work, and to be impressed by the rarity with which it does any serious harm to mind or body. He learns, too, that it is not from those whose work is most exacting that these complaints about over-work usually come.

Think of the Cheery Char

There is one humble class of manual workers for whom I have the greatest sympathy in this connection. Social reformers shed no tears for them, and they don't figure on the agenda of Trades Union conferences. I refer to office cleaners. They are usually the wives of labouring men whose meagre wages they work to supplement. They leave home at a very early hour, and their work is of the coarsest and heaviest—scrubbing, cleaning, sweeping. Before many of you start your day's labours, these poor women have put in two or three hours' slogging work. Then they return home to take up the never-ending tasks of the mother of a working-class family. The children have to be given their breakfasts and seen off to school, their own rooms have to be cleaned, the dinner to be got ready, the steady accumulation of mending and darning to be kept under, and so on. In the evenings when their husbands are resting from their labours, they sally forth again to dust the offices you have long since quitted. Most of these women never get a real holiday, and confinements provide their only variety and chance of rest: ten days in bed and off again. Yet I do not hear them complain of over-work, and if the truth is to be told, many of them preserve good health until a ripe age.

Again, take the professional man, say the doctor with a practice in an industrial centre. He has no fixed hours. He is on call twenty-four hours a day, and his nights are not secure to him. His irregular meals are bolted to the maddening music of the telephone—that loathsome instrument. He is not expected to be tired, and his own worries are not allowed to fray his temper or deflect his judgment. He must be an ever-flowing fount of sympathy, even for the least worthy. But when in ill-health he consults a colleague, it is not of over-work he complains. On the other hand, there are occupations—heaven forbid that I should name them—in which it is almost a tradition to drag in a plea of over-work to explain every ailment. Will you think me hard-hearted if I say that I can seldom take these pleas very seriously? The fact is, that both mind and body were made to be used, and there is a very wide margin of safety to be passed before any real harm can come to either from work alone.

Using Leisure Rightly is a Job in Itself

There is a lot of wisdom tucked away in our English proverbs, and you remember the one that says, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'. You notice it says 'a dull boy', not 'a sick boy', and here, perhaps, is the pith of the matter. Most of the ill-health and breakdowns of various kinds that we put down to over-work have other causes, such as the neglect to cultivate other interests, or to take proper recreation for mind and body, bad habits of living of one kind or another, and—as important as any of these—worry connected with work or family affairs. A lack of outside interests may be the result of business keenness or ambition, or it may be due to a lack of

initiative. To learn to use our leisure time sensibly is a job of itself. Recreation should refresh the mind as well as the body. It should be enjoyable of itself, and not be something undertaken simply to keep fit. Some people find walking all that they need, but for others it is a dull business because it doesn't occupy the mind, which still continues to be busy with the day's work.

Man has been described as an animal that uses tools, and in all of us there is an urge to use our hands for some skilled purpose. For many of us our work provides no outlet for this need. So you may take it out in games, or in playing a musical instrument, or in painting, in fishing or in shooting and so on. All these things call for skill; they often have a competitive element in them; and they so completely take up the attention that they shut out from the mind the ordinary routine business of the day. This is why they are so valuable, so indispensable. All these things are easiest learned in youth, and in later life the effort to pick them up sometimes discourages and defeats us. The office worker, as I have said, may not cultivate any of these things, and for a number of years he goes on happily enough and does not feel the want of alternative interests. But if the day comes when he is subjected to an extreme pressure of work, or when things go wrong and worries add themselves to the daily lot, he finds himself with nothing to fall back on to refresh his mind or body. He has got no resources in himself. His work has become a painful subject, but he has none other to occupy his mind. It is in middle age that this kind of man is apt to feel the pinch, and when we send him to the seaside for a holiday and change, he is apt to get more miserable than ever. All work and no play have made him dreadfully dull company for himself—and for his wife, did we but know it. Is it surprising that he should see in over-work the complete explanation of all his woes? But it is not too much work, it is worry that he has not equipped himself to meet. Probably if he had run his life more reasonably he would have got through just as much work, but in addition he would have learned to play, and this would have saved him.

Insuring Happiness in Old Age

I cannot give you explicit advice here as to how to employ your leisure. This depends on your age, your health, the facilities you have, and your tastes. For example, golf meets the situation for some of you, but for others it is a weariness to the spirit. It is obvious, of course, that you must cut your coat according to your cloth: that is, that you must take your exercise according to your capacity. One often sees elderly men who have lived a sedentary life for years taking to digging and rooting in their gardens of an evening, with an untempered energy that would frighten a professional gardener, and then wondering why so healthy a recreation does not seem to agree with them. It would, in reasonable doses.

Then, of course, the day may come when we are restricted to more or less indoor recreations and hobbies, and it is then that any early neglect to prepare for this kind of rainy day, that comes to everybody, finds us out. That intense boredom and depression that we sometimes see in men retired from business, is the fruit of a youth misspent in work. Yes! misspent is the right word. No prudent man now fails to insure his life, but many a man fails to provide for a contented and happy old age by acquiring some intellectual interest that will keep his mind fresh and his temper sweet when days of leisure are forced upon him. There are plenty of enjoyable interests whatever your tastes may be.

Then there are the various minor disorders of health—the multitude of discomforts that increase with the years—that we are so apt to put down to over-work. But here again, it is rarely work that is responsible. It is those colossal lunches, washed down with beer, that so many men will eat. It is all very well for a man who wields a pneumatic drill on the asphalt to put away a heavy midday meal. He needs plenty of fuel to keep the fire burning, and his work soon uses it up for him. But to crawl back to an office stool after one of these beefsteak pie affairs and to expect outraged nature to function properly during the afternoon, is to ask the impossible. For the sedentary worker, for the man who wants his mind to be clear and quick in the afternoon, surely the light lunch is dictated by common sense.

What does it all come to then? It comes to this, that if you run your life sensibly, taking adequate and satisfying recreation, observing moderation in food and drink, you have little to fear however hard you work. It is not work that kills, it is worry, lack of outside interests, bad feeding habits and the like that make trouble, but it is work that often gets the blame. Work as hard as you like, then, but do have some other string to your bow and twang it vigorously at the proper time.



Landing the catch at Yarmouth, where the herring season is now in full swing

*'The Times'**Out of Doors**Herring Drifters*

By 'TAFFRAIL'

A FEW evenings ago I was in one of the gunboats of the Fishery Protection Flotilla bucketting about in a southerly gale off Smith's Knoll, that well-known herring-ground in the North Sea, about 30 miles north-east of Lowestoft. It was blowing really hard, with a short, steep, breaking sea. The gunboat was a little ship of the trawler type, and at times she tumbled about to such an extent that I must confess I felt rather uncomfortable. However, it was a little consoling to realise I was not the only one.

But if we were lively, what of those much smaller herring drifters hailing from Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and many Scottish ports which had shot their nets at dusk in the Smith's Knoll area, lain to them during the night, and hauled them in at daylight the next morning preparatory to scuttling back to Lowestoft and Yarmouth with their catches? They were lolloping about in a truly wonderful way when we saw the last of them; but their crews seemed quite cheery and unruffled. For them it was an ordinary experience, for year in and year out they are fishing in all sorts of weather. I served in destroyers for over ten years and had my fair share of gales and heavy seas: yet to me it was anything but ordinary. I take off my hat to our fishermen.

The ordinary steam drifter is a stout, weatherly little vessel, manned, at a guess, by a crew of ten or a dozen. Some of them are owned by their skippers and crews, while others belong to companies. But do not confound drifters with trawlers. Trawlers tow their nets along the sea bottom, while drifters shoot a line of floating nets to a length sometimes of over a mile. The net, which is of pliable cotton, consists of eighty or ninety sections, each with its canvas buoy or 'buff' floating on the surface. Perhaps the best way of describing it is to ask you to imagine a sort of curtain of net over a mile long, extending from within about twelve feet of the surface to a depth of between forty and fifty feet. The 'warp' by which it is hauled in runs some distance below the bottom of the net.

The herring are caught in trying to force their way through the nets. They are not, as is popularly supposed, caught by the

gills, but by the pliable cotton meshes closing in round the thickest part of their bodies. Sometimes, though not very often, a shoal will strike a net in such solid formation as to carry it to the bottom. But fairly frequently nets may be hauled with the appearance of a fish in almost every mesh, though in practice a catch of a cran of about one thousand fish to every section of net, or eighty to ninety crans for a single drifter, is considered satisfactory. If a drifter finds she has more fish than she can deal with when she comes to haul her nets, she hoists a flag at her mizzen. This is a signal to any less lucky vessel in sight that she may come and help herself. The net is cast off and passed over to the first-comer, who hauls it in, disposes of the catch as though it were her own, and returns the nets to their rightful owner. Both parties are thus satisfied—the first by the return of her nets which would otherwise have been lost, and the second by a free haul of fish.

In one area or another round the British Isles, herring are in season nearly all the year round. But in the North Sea the season starts in June off the Shetlands, and the drifters from the Scottish and East Coast ports congregate there. Later, the fishery moves south and is carried on from Shields, Hartlepool, Scarborough and Grimsby. The principal season, however, is that off Smith's Knoll in October and November. But please don't run away with the idea that the herring move round the British Isles in a sort of silver swarm. I am told by the fishery experts—those people who can tell you the age and history of a herring merely by looking at it—that the fishing really depends upon a succession of dense local concentrations in certain well-defined areas by fish about to spawn. So during these two autumn months, October and November, the harbours at Yarmouth and Lowestoft are crowded not merely with their own local craft, but with visitors from all the Scottish ports. When I saw them the other day, every available inch of quay-side in both places was fringed with masts and funnels, while the river at Yarmouth and the docks at Lowestoft were busy with more drifters moving fussily in and out with their whistles

blaring. It was a pretty sight—orderliness in the midst of apparent confusion.

When the season is at its height the scene round about the fishing ground near Smith's Knoll must be seen to be believed. One of the fishery gunboat captains told me that as many as three hundred drifters may be in sight at any one time. At night the whole horizon twinkles with lights, each light representing a little ship attached to a mile or more of nets. At such a time it is advisable for other craft to keep well clear, for herring nets are expensive. One of the principal duties of the fishery gunboats, indeed, is to warn trawlers, with their bottom nets, to keep clear of the drift net area. The gunboats act as a sort of maritime police. They stop poaching within the three mile territorial limit; settle any disputes between fishermen on the fishing grounds; assist fishing craft in distress and sick or injured fishermen; prevent the now virtually extinct liquor traffic to fishing fleets at sea; and generally maintain that friendly liaison between the Royal Navy and the fishermen which was of such benefit to the country in the War. I need hardly remind you of the wonderful work done by the men and ships of the fishing fleet, both in the auxiliary patrol and the mine-sweeping services.

And now what about the herring when they are landed? What becomes of them? If you go to Yarmouth and Lowestoft during the season you will see herring everywhere except to eat in the local hotels—herring being landed in baskets, herring shovelled into heaps before being packed into barrels with salt for export, herring sold by auction, and carted away in motor lorries. This year some 3,000 Scottish girls have come south to the two ports for the work of gutting and curing the fish for foreign markets. They are wonderfully expert at the job, and, dressed in their oilskin skirts and long rubber boots, I am told the best of them can gut sixty herring a minute, flinging them more or less casually over their shoulders to other girls who pack them with salt in barrels.

Salted herrings of different varieties find their way to Germany, Belgium, Italy, Greece, and even so far afield as West Africa. But Germany has recently increased her import duty on salted fish, which tells very hardly on our fishing industry. Russia, too, used at one time to take great quantities, but for a good many years this market has been more or less non-existent. I believe, however, that negotiations are now in progress for a

resumption, or partial resumption, of the trade, which, if successful, will again bring a measure of prosperity to the men who man our drifters.

At the present moment our fishing industry is very hard hit indeed: year by year the numbers of fishermen and fishing craft are diminishing. This being the case, it was surprising to me, as it probably will be to you, to learn that only about 10 per cent. of British caught herring find their way to British consumers. Without pretending to be an expert, and with little knowledge of the methods of distribution and supply, I should imagine that this demand might be considerably increased if the fish were cheaper to the public. I was told by my gardener that his wife paid 1½d. each for the fresh herring for his midday dinner. This is out of all proportion to the sums I saw being paid for a cran of 1,000 fish on the quays at Yarmouth and Lowestoft. I have heard it said that people object to the smell of herring cooking, and that, for this reason, they are not so popular as they might be. But surely there are ways and means of cooking them without the aroma permeating the whole house. Nothing is nicer than a fresh herring; nothing is nastier than a stale one. However, to overcome the cookery business, someone has invented a new product. This is what is known as the 'buckling', which is a herring cooked and smoked simultaneously in an oven and sold ready for eating. It need only be warmed before being put on the table.

And what of the good old kipper? Some are made by hand; but I saw a machine at work splitting the fish, removing the gills and roes, and cleaning them thoroughly before dropping them into brine in which they soaked for about a quarter of an hour. Next, girls hung them in pairs on long rods with tenterhooks, after which they were smoked thousands at a time for twelve hours in a large chamber over a smouldering fire of oak chips—oak, and nothing else. This is the true kipper; but I am told there is an imitation on the market which is really nothing more nor less than a slightly salted herring dyed to the right colour. The dye is perfectly harmless; but the flavour is not the same. In certain sections of the trade this imitation goes by the name of 'the painted lady'.

The slogan 'Eat more Fish' is not an empty catch-phrase. The serious plight of our sea fishing industry is accumulating rather than diminishing. You can all help to tide the men who man these craft over an evil time, and they are well worthy of it.

Flowering Shrubs

By Captain GEOFFREY CRAWSHAY

ONE has only to compare a modern garden with a typical garden of the last century to realise the tremendous revolution which has taken place in the taste and ideas of landscape gardeners and of all garden owners and lovers. Gone are the carefully-swept gravel paths and laurel hedges and masses of flower-beds of intricate design. Increased taxation and bad times have done more than anything else to sweep away the latter; bedding out, on a large scale twice a year, is an expensive business. But perhaps the real change in favour of more interesting and attractive forms of gardening has been brought about by the enormously increased interest in gardening, for which certain famous professional and amateur gardeners are very largely responsible. There is no doubt, too, that seed and plant collecting expeditions to the uttermost parts of the earth, financed very largely by these same enthusiasts, have done much to stimulate interest and to provide our gardens with lovely things. Quite recently they have given us *Lilium regale* and *meconopsis baileyi*, now firmly established favourites, as well as numbers of flowering shrubs of real merit. But there is another reason which may have added to the number of garden lovers. I often think the reaction of the War may be in part responsible, the desire to forget and the longing to create rather than to destroy. There is peace in a garden. But it is rather curious that past wars sometimes led to schemes of tree planting if not of garden planning. It was the custom of our victorious Generals to plant woods representing the rival armies drawn up for battle. Blenheim is an example. But I have never heard of anyone doing so after the last War, and I think it would be rather resented if they did. People have little wish to be reminded of the War, but many of those who fought have been as quick to learn the use of spade and trowel as they were to learn the use of modern armaments. And in the cultivation of flowering shrubs they have a lifetime interest which demands both skill and patience, but in which, like war, one has occasionally to recognise defeat.

Fortunately there is scarcely any part of Great Britain in which it is not possible to grow a large number of flowering shrubs of outstanding beauty. Of course, Cornwall and other favoured places have a much larger range as they can grow successfully the vast majority of New Zealand and other semi-hardy shrubs, which are a waste of money elsewhere. Cornish gardeners are flowering shrub specialists in the real sense of the term: they

care little for background or setting provided they can find a place in which to coax a delicate shrub into flower. I have been taken into the back-yard of a large house and there shown a rare shrub growing under the shadow of the family washing. But do not think that their gardens are not worth seeing; they are lovely, and they can grow so many things which most of us cannot and which we seldom see, that I always feel I am in a foreign country. However, there is no need for any of us to be jealous, as we all ought to be able to grow some shrubs as well or better than anyone else, if we take sufficient trouble. I have seen magnolias and flowering cherries in London suburbs which made me envious because they were better than my own and I did not know why. Do you ever go to Kew? I do not suppose the soil or the climate is much better than ours, but the shrubs are much better grown and flowered than the vast majority of ours; I suppose because they are attended by specialists who treat every shrub according to its individual requirements. And that, perhaps, is the secret of growing any flowering shrub or plant to perfection. I do not mean to say that it is necessary to spend years choosing a site for a shrub; on the whole the needs of the majority of shrubs are not difficult to supply, but choice of position, full sun or shade, soil and good planting, make all the difference between success and half or total failure. However, there are certain hard and fast rules which hold good no matter what your climate and soil may be like. When you are planting a shrub or tree you are not planting a herbaceous plant which you can dig up and replant if you have put it in the wrong place, or if you have failed to prepare the ground sufficiently. You are planting something in its permanent quarters, where at least you hope it will remain and flourish until, like all of us, it eventually dies of old age. No matter where you are planting shrubs it will pay you to prepare the ground thoroughly. Trench the ground three feet deep and give the plant both a fair chance and a good start. The hole must be big enough to allow all the roots to be spread out evenly: they must not be planted all bunched up together. Soil is a matter over which, unfortunately, we have little control, though the best soil of all for flowering shrubs is a rich loam of good depth, as opposed to heavy clay soil, which is difficult to work in dry or wet weather, and sandy gravel soil, which soon becomes parched in a drought. However, all soils can be improved and made lighter or heavier as required. It is largely a question of expense, and

heavy expense. But leaf mould, woodash and the ashes of burnt refuse are worth their weight in gold in every garden. It is much better to concentrate on groups of shrubs which do well in your particular soil, and if you have time in your soil to avoid shrubs such as rhododendrons and ericas which hate it.

The value of flowering shrubs in a garden and the use which can be made of them is enormous. Even in December and January, the dullest gardening months of the year, there are one or two brave shrubs which struggle into flower to recapture our lost interest in the garden. In fact, it is often possible, in all save the coldest parts, to have something in flower all the year round. Some shrubs bear delightful berries, while many turn a glorious colour in the autumn, or, as the Americans say, in the fall. I am not fond of Americanisms, but I always think fall is a better and more descriptive term than autumn. Flowering shrubs are at their best when planted on the lawn, either as single specimens if they are large enough, or in groups of the same variety. This calls for really careful planning, and it will help you to judge the effect if you stick a piece of evergreen in the ground where you think of planting. A shrub border is always a delightful asset to a garden, and that, too, requires thought, because not only is there a danger of colours clashing, but you must make up your mind if you want one month's glorious riot of colour or as long a continuation of bloom as possible. If you have a suitable place in your garden for a reasonably sized shrub border, why not try and have something in flower during every month in the year? It is not impossible with the many varieties of heather to help you out, and you will find it of absorbing interest. Perhaps the best and most natural setting for shrubs is in a wood; this is certainly true of rhododendrons and azaleas, if not of other shrubs. I can call to mind more than one woodland garden intersected with streams in a hurry, deep in rich, peaty loam from which rose a fairyland of bloom. Rhododendrons, which were forest trees, and the huge flowered *loderi* George V, azaleas of every hue, and, not a patch, but acres and acres of fairyland. I wish I were rich enough to garden on that scale, because it gives pleasure to so many. One such garden in North Wales, miles from anywhere, was visited last year by no fewer than 18,000 people. Admission is free and visitors are at liberty to wander where they wish.

If I have succeeded in stimulating your interest, you will not mind a few names. I am going to rule out rhododendrons, azaleas, roses and heathers because they are a subject unto themselves, and talk about a few groups of hardy shrubs which should succeed in any garden.

First of all, the *viburnum* family, several varieties of which are worth a place in every garden. The flowers of all this group are white or flushed with pink. Perhaps the commonest is *V. tinus*, which is our old evergreen friend, *laurestinus*. I often wonder why people don't plant it as a hedge instead of laurel and privet and other abominations. It flowers at Christmas in sheltered districts. Quite recently there have been two important additions to this family which you should have. Both are deciduous, and with both the flowers precede the leaves. *V. fragrans* comes from China and flowers as early as February; you may get a stray bloom in January. The scent alone makes it worth a place in your garden. It makes a tall plant in time and the leaves turn a lovely colour in the autumn. *V. carlesii*, which comes from Korea, is a more compact plant and useful in a rock garden. It flowers very early in the spring, and the scent can only be compared to that of a gardenia or tuberose. It is absolutely hardy, but its waxlike flowers are sometimes caught by late frosts and March winds, so give some shelter if possible, and it likes a certain amount of shade. It is worth a place in every garden. Then there is *V. opulus sterile*, better known as the snowball tree. It is easy to grow and its masses of creamy white balls of flower in early summer are always attractive, and the leaves turn a good colour in the autumn. *V. macrocephalum*, which also comes from China, and flowers in early summer, is not altogether hardy in the open and does best trained against

a wall. Its white flowers are not unlike those of a hydrangea. It makes a glorious wall plant. Here are the names of one or two old favourites which flower very early in the spring, in February and March, and which you should find a place for. *Daphne Mezereum*, for which I have a very soft spot, makes a bush about four feet high and produces masses of sweetly-scented reddish-purple flowers on upright stems before the leaves appear. There is also a white variety, *flora albo*. Then no garden is complete without *Forsythia*, with its yellow blossom, which is by far the most beautiful of all the early flowering shrubs with yellow blossom—another for which we are indebted to China. A good group of *Forsythia*, which every gardener should be able to produce, is one of the most satisfying sights I know. I think the two best varieties are *suspensa* and *spectabilis*. Then there is the earliest of the magnolias, *stellata*, with its dead white star-shaped flowers on dark bare branches. It wants a good loam or leaf-mould and some shade, but it is a lovely thing.

Of course, when we get into April and May there is no end to the number of really lovely flowering shrubs, as we have the pyrus group as well as the prunus group, which includes cherries, plums, almonds and others. I think the introduction of numbers of really lovely varieties of flowering cherries has done more than anything else to draw attention to the value of flowering shrubs and trees. Civic authorities are just beginning to awake to their value for street planting. The varieties of these

cherries present a difficulty, as nurserymen often list them under different names. Three which are worth growing as bushes or trees are *hizakura*, with its dark pink flowers and copper foliage; *amanogawa*, the flowers of which are the colour of apple blossom, and its branches erect like a Lombardy poplar; and *Oko-Miyako*, whose flowers are pure white, very large and pendulous. Its habit is to throw out horizontal branches. Of the flowering plums, you ought to have *prunus bireana* and *prunus moseri*. Of the almond family, *amygdalus nana* is a most attractive bush of rather dwarf habit, which is at its best when in bud.

Before I finish, here are the names of one or

two shrubs which flower late in July and in August, when your choice of bloom is more limited. There is a New Zealand shrub, *plagianthus lyallii*, which one seldom sees and which is well worth growing. The foliage is unusual. It has bright green tooth-shaped leaves which suggest the tender foliage of spring, from the base of which pure white flowers hang in clusters. Then there is the late flowering *hibiscus*, which wants planting in the sunniest place in the garden if it is to flower well. There are a number of varieties and colours and its lateness in flowering makes it worth while. A most delightful shrub for grouping on a lawn is *rhus cotinus*, sometimes called the smoke-plant. It grows about ten feet high and produces feathery clusters rather like an old man's beard, which turn smoke grey in the autumn and make a really striking effect.



The 'smoke plant'—*rhus cotinus*—in full bloom

Photograph, H. Calkin

The Reverend A. Campbell Fraser, Rector of Rokeby, Barnard Castle, has compiled *A Book of Prayers for Various Seasons and Sundry Occasions* (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.), to which the Bishop of Ripon has written a Foreword. This little manual contains a large number of prayers selected from the best ancient sources; but the editor has given a distinctive quality to it by adding a number of prayers of his own composition very closely related to the conditions of modern life. He has given us, for example, prayers for market day, for haymaking, for miners, for those engaged in scientific research, and even for such very modern features as race meetings, theatres and picture houses, and the football match. Some readers will think that his modernity carries him too far when he puts in prayers for card-playing, stalking and shooting, and boat-racing. As the Bishop remarks in his Introduction, 'he would always want to pray for the fox (of stag) *pari passu* with the hounds. And that perhaps would start a controversy!'

Points from Letters

Culture and Democracy

Some of the statements in your leading article of October 5 seem to be open to question. I had hoped that someone more competent than myself would have invited you to justify them. You say that 'broadcasting has an infinitely greater power of influencing opinion and modes of thought than the older apparatus of adult education'. Just how is that greater power to be exercised? An acute American critic recently said: 'It is nonsense to say that radio is necessarily an agency for civic good. Radio monopolistically controlled for the purposes of persons in power, can be made the most effective agency ever devised for the enslavement of the mass mentality of a nation'.

What is the real value of this 'non-literary medium' and its 'ubiquity'? It can give democracy huge quantity. Can it hope to rival the quality of literary media, of the lecture-hall, the classroom, the seminar, the personal intercourse between tutor and student? It can offer democracy vast quantities of information. Can it hope to fill the bill in the difficult and complex task of educating democrats as good individuals and good citizens? Do you seriously contend that broadcasting may somehow lead to 'the total supersession of education in the pedagogical sense'? If so, how is it to be done?

'We (in Britain) have hitherto been successful in developing broadcasting in the direction of giving increasing representation to minority opinions and minority interests'—yes, but just how far have we managed to get in that respect, *e.g.*, in economics, in political science, in ethics, and religion, in medicine? Have we, in this respect, been more timid than courageous? To quote again from the American commentator: 'I will concede—for argument's sake—that European governmental broadcasting, in some countries, exceeds American private broadcasting in the potential cultivation of good taste—by a graceful margin. I will contend—on the patent facts—that American private broadcasting exceeds European governmental broadcasting, in any European country, in the cultivation of free citizenship—by a vital margin'. Broadcasting 'can no longer be regarded as an educational frill or superfluity'—granted; but can it ever hope to become more than supplementary or complementary to older and proved educational agencies and influences? Broadcasting, you say, 'must mark out its own new task suitable to its power—the task of responding to the cultural needs of democracy as a whole'. How will the most perfect broadcast programme ever cater adequately for those needs? Are we to rest content, as you would seem to imply, that 'new social groups' must for ever lack 'the necessary prerequisites' of 'certain standards of leisure, upbringing, early education and so forth', and therefore be denied the best that our traditional culture has to offer? Or are we to keep up our fight for such leisure, upbringing and early education as may fit the mass of the people to share those good things that are now available only for the few? Russian and Italian broadcasting—each in its own peculiar fashion—may be subordinating many things to 'the cultivation of a particular social theory'. May it not appear to Russians and Italians that we are doing something very similar?

I am an enthusiast for educational broadcasting, but I cannot imagine it superseding 'the older apparatus of adult education'.

London, W.C. 1

GEORGE PEVERETT

Broadcast Talks

THE LISTENER has published a good deal on the views of the B.B.C. about broadcast talks and talkers, and it may be appropriate that for once the tables should be turned. Unfortunate episodes, due to mistakes over dates, or lost manuscripts, have been given much prominence in the public Press. No doubt this is a compliment to the B.B.C., as it shows that such episodes are so unusual as to be regarded as news. There is, however, little conception on the part of those who have not been privileged to broadcast, of the infinite amount of trouble and care taken to avoid such misfortunes, which may lead to the public who are listening in their millions being disappointed. My own experience, although limited to about half a dozen broadcasts, may be of interest as showing how an outsider has been impressed by the progress made in rendering the system fool-proof.

My first broadcast was at the time of a building dispute in the very early days of Savoy Hill. My manuscript was read through, and various suggestions and pencilled alterations made. I read from the corrected notes into a microphone which was tied on to a stand by pieces of string, and then handed over the manuscript to the announcer. On the second occasion my original speech was returned as being absolutely unsuitable in every respect for a talk! I was asked to rewrite it as if talking to a man sitting by my side in a 'bus, and, somewhat reluctantly, the advice was carried out. Subsequent correspondence from working-men in the North of England proved how exactly my critic gauged the type of audience likely to be listening at that hour.

I therefore approached my third broadcast with much trepidation, and obeyed without question the request made for

copies of the address to be provided in good time. The proceedings went like clockwork, and it was apparent that the technique of talks was advancing. My last experience was the most impressive of all, for the care, the patience, and the trouble taken over one broadcast on the part of several officials responsible, were more abundant than ever. I was helped in every detail and was also asked to go to a voice-rehearsal, which was of real value. If only some of the droning political speakers, who mumble away their platitudes on the platform to an audience already bored stiff, could undergo a course of treatment at the tactful hands of the B.B.C. expert, political meetings would be much more instructive and entertaining than they usually are. Everything possible, so it seemed to me, had been thought out to avoid mistakes. The announcer had a cyclostyled copy of my talk and another was sent round to my office by hand. The listener who sits in his armchair can have little idea of the amount of work and thought devoted to each talk by the B.B.C. officials, and one broadcaster at any rate takes off his hat to them!

London, N.W. 3

B. S. TOWNROE

Miss Lejeune and Film Criticism

With reference to Miss Lejeune's article in THE LISTENER of October 5, which had by mistake been attributed to Cedric Belfrage, Miss Lejeune has done more to raise the standard of film criticism and appreciation in England than any other critic. But like all critics, she is capricious. One day she shows herself to be a keen analyst of movie art. The next day, typified by the article under discussion, she bumbles about fans and film stars; she castigates her former self, in the shape of the younger generation of filmgoers whom she herself has helped to raise. The latter mood is invariably typified by a weird sort of movie slang of her own invention. Cannot Miss Lejeune see how inconsistent are her various attitudes? Has she no settled standard of values? Do not mistake me. While achieving the recognised exalted sensations from a work of Mr. Pabst, I am still tolerant and even amused by Mr. de Mille's bathrooms and Mr. Goldwyn's ballyhoo. I don't have to alter or stretch my critical standards to achieve this tolerance. But I don't allow a momentary caprice to blind me to the relative values of Pabst and Goldwyn. They occupy very definite places in my movie hierarchy.

Miss Lejeune once did me a very good turn. I was running a film group to enable people to see films that they cannot see in the ordinary way, which neatly got round censorship and other restrictions by showing films privately in a friend's house. Miss Lejeune was so delighted with the idea that she devoted a whole article in *The Observer* to our group, recommending the idea to others similarly interested, and giving us a tremendous boost in recruiting members. The type of film we exhibited and the mentality we showed at that time and which Miss Lejeune praised so highly in her article, are precisely what she is nowadays smacking so furiously in such articles as that of October 5. She calls such things dilettantism now.

But these young men and girls whom she mentions as wanting to emulate Pabst and Clair are not necessarily dilettantes. She is sensible in advising such people to become clapper-boys and the like in a studio, and if they really love films they will take her advice. But they needn't give up their Pudovkin to do that. I know that I didn't. To take on a clapper-boy's job did not mean a complete inversion of my sense of values. And, to come to the last part of my grumble, I still know what montage means to me! Montage to Miss Lejeune is good dramatic cutting as typified by a first-class American film. I agree with her. The best type of American film is, in its class, unbeatable. I need not tell her that such films derive directly from the Russian school of direction. There is abundant proof of this. Griffith did not invent montage. He just happened on one or two of the minor applications of it. Milestone, Mamoulian and Brown know the uses of montage. It is to them a method of finding the true significance of a shot and forcing it to reveal the last ounce of its meaning, intrinsically, and in relation to other shots. In how many American films is this process evinced? Miss Lejeune would have us believe that perfect editing is an instinctive operation to a Hollywood editor.

London, N.W. 11

DONALD BULL

Design and Efficiency in Door-handles

I read, in your issue for October 12, a letter from Mr. E. P. Alabaster, in which he attempts to pillory modern designers, dismissing their work contemptuously as 'mere efficiency stuff'. Will Mr. Alabaster agree when I suggest that door-handles are more closely associated with the sense of touch than with that of sight, so that their primary function is to give pleasure to the fingers? Mr. Alabaster, ignores this consideration, and bursts into praise of the 'parallactic diasymmetricals'. Personally, I would forgo these altogether, rather than cleanse their intricate convulsions,

I must confess that the 'doubly skewed cubic curve', and its accompanying 'reverie in monotone' are not rich in association in my case. This confession, it seems, automatically precludes me from claiming the proud title of 'Educated Beauty-Hunter'. I must confess, too, that I fail to appreciate the added charm of 'mental strain' which is, to Mr. Alabaster, a desirable characteristic of door-handles.

Earlier in his letter, Mr. Alabaster accuses the modern door-handle of being jejune and boring. Cannot he appreciate the skill and resource epitomised in the simplest possible solution to a problem bristling with conditions which must be fulfilled? I do not wish to be harsh, or I would suggest that General Fuller's not too fulsome tribute might apply quite well to its quoter.

Stoke-on-Trent

S. TAYLOR

Lessons of the Licensing Statistics

I notice that, in discussing the licensing statistics for 1931 in your issue of October 12, you lean to the conclusion that heavy taxation diminishes alcoholic intemperance. It seems to me that this assumption is not borne out by actual facts. Although the taxation of beer was decreased in 1923, yet there has been a general decline in drunkenness up to the recent Snowden increase.

The theory that the amount of drunkenness is in proportion to the public facilities for obtaining liquor is falsified in many ways. In some cases density of population is indicated as the dominating influence, in other cases counter-attractions would appear to affect conditions, but unless we are prepared to admit that the English people are less educated and self-controlled than most European communities, it is evident that a general improvement in individual character is the principal cause of increased sobriety, because in most countries in Western Europe there are unlimited facilities for the consumption of alcoholic drinks, and decreasing intemperance.

Hove

R. G. FIFE

Sir Ronald Ross

In the obituary notice of Sir Ronald Ross which appeared in your issue of October 5, Dr. A. S. Russell refers to him as 'the greatest figure in British medicine in our time' in that he solved 'the baffling mystery of malaria'. He then proceeds to afford a psychological analysis of what he regards as a 'very complex personality'. For this purpose he uses data from *Memoirs* edited by Sir Ronald. His conclusions differ so greatly from those recently furnished by other authorities in both the medical and lay press that it seems to me probable that in a hasty perusal of the volume concerned, he failed to note concurrent details. Hence, I suggest that certain of his deductions are capable of a very different interpretation from that offered by him.

Dr. Russell pictures the armchair scientist: 'Ross showed how to make the disease preventable but left to others the organisation of the task of wiping it out'. If by this is implied that he failed to issue orders to central governments and local rulers of communities on the subject, this is necessarily correct. But throughout his life, as a private individual, Ross exerted his full influence to secure practical benefit to populations; the incentive to his discovery was not the laurels of the scientist, but the genuinely pious hope that the solution of 'the baffling mystery' might benefit humanity by the institution of organised anti-malarial measures. His *Memoirs* show distinctly that on completion of his research he found the Indian Government would give no definite promise that he should be put on special duty for this purpose, and consequently he resigned from the Indian Medical Service so that he might find a sphere for his work elsewhere, and thereby sacrificed his full pension. Under the auspices of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, which was aided by the liberality of local magnates, he led the Freetown anti-malaria expedition and subsequently undertook similar arrangements at Ismailia, Mauritius and Cyprus and was thus enabled successfully to demonstrate the utility of methods of which he had already published details. Thereafter, in numerous localities throughout the world, practical action has been taken (as he had hoped) by others, followed by enormous saving of life in peace and war and to the advantage of commerce—notably, in the latter case, in Malaya under Sir Malcolm Watson, and in connection with Havana and the Panama Canal under the splendid organisation of Gorgas, who placed the following on record in a letter to Sir Ronald Ross dated March 25, 1914:

Your discovery that the mosquito transferred the malaria parasite from man to man has enabled us at Panama to hold in check this disease, and to eradicate it entirely from most points on the Isthmus where our forces were engaged. It seems to me not extreme, therefore, to say that it was your discovery of this fact that has enabled us to build the Canal at the Isthmus of Panama.

In later life when an influential and appreciative section of the British public founded an Institute in his honour, Ross successfully directed its resources towards stimulating public authorities in the tropics to undertake life-saving anti-malaria measure.

But Dr. Russell possesses a very refined standard of ethics (which evidently does not embrace the ruling *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*) and by it arrives at the further decision that Sir Ronald Ross was possessed of a 'strain of egotism and selfish-

ness', and that his mentality was of so inferior an order that 'he wrote round to various scientists practically asking them to slap him on the back and tell him he was a fine fellow'. The leading cause of these inductions is that Sir Ronald had dared to bring to light the fact that a small clique of Italian scientists, dominated by Grassi, had persistently attempted to make the world believe that they had previously and independently of Ross made the discovery he claimed. According to Dr. Russell, Sir Ronald should have taken no action; he should have let 'the facts speak for themselves'. This may prove quite sound policy in ordinary realms of scientific activities, when, as is usual, a courteous disentanglement of facts on both sides leads to the truth, but is certainly inapplicable where the items involve deliberate falsification on the part of one of the principals, as was the case which centred round Grassi.

That in accord with long existing custom and sound ethics, Sir Ronald did exchange views with his professional brethren may be granted, but that he wrote to scientists outside the medical profession, or within it, with the contemptible object asserted by Dr. Russell, cannot be accepted. He ascribes to Sir Ronald in conducting this controversy 'wasted temper and energy' as illustrated by his use of the term 'Roman brigandage'; but this terminology originated not with Ross but with a countryman of Grassi—Calandruccio—who had also suffered at the hands of the same pirate. On page 398 of the *Memoirs* will be found the following footnote: 'Dr. Calandruccio, himself a victim, remarked that though his countrymen had succeeded in putting down brigandage under arms they had introduced a new kind of brigandage in its place which consists of robbery in science'. As further proof of wasted temper, Dr. Russell states that Sir Ronald 'ends one trenchant sentence on an Italian with seven marks of exclamation!' whereas these (page 401 of the *Memoirs*) were used by Sir Patrick Manson to emphasise his surprise at Grassi's robbery in another professional detail altogether. Lister, Koch, Laveran, Mannaberg—leaders in the medical profession—had no hesitation in condemning in severe terms Grassi's piracy. Lister thus expresses himself at a meeting in 1901 of the British Medical Association:

Major Ross—very different indeed from some Italian investigators—had shown absolute candour, perfect openness of mind, and a readiness to recognise the work of others.

Finally, Dr. Russell has discovered that Ross had the 'curious idea that if large material rewards were given to discoveries in medicine, discoveries would be rapidly forthcoming'. Still more curious, however, is the opinion of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors which Ross quotes on the subject: 'It refused to consider medical discovery and invention, because (it argued) doctors had always been noble enough to do such work for nothing!' The scientific chemist or electrologist may by accident or endeavour secure data useful in medical practice, guard it by a patent and promote it by a company and, on the income so derived, 'live happily ever afterwards!' But under the rules of Hippocrates which still permeate professional ethics, if he were a medical man he would be taboo in his profession. Consequently, the suggestion of Ross that 'every country should give rewards for unremunerative discoveries' was reasonable even if 'curious'.

London, N.W. 4

W. G. KING

In his able and interesting account of the late Sir Ronald Ross in THE LISTENER of October 5, Dr. Russell, in his enthusiasm, appears to do insufficient justice to the late Sir Patrick Manson. When he says that 'Manson had little proof to offer for this inspired, although incomplete, suggestion', Dr. Russell should also have pointed out that Manson had himself already found out that another blood-parasite (*filaria*) undergoes development in a mosquito, and further, that by his work in collaboration with Bancroft and Low, it was then definitely known that the mosquito transmitted this parasite in the act of biting. Manson had, therefore, extremely good and solid reason for suggesting to Ross that a similar mode of transmission would probably be found to occur in the case of the malarial parasite. Ross himself was the first to acknowledge his great debt to Manson, the pioneer in the history of the discovery of insect-borne diseases.

Walton-on-Thames

'PARASITOLOGY'

How the Townsman May Help the Farmer

I have just read in THE LISTENER an article by Mr. A. G. Street on how the townsman may help the farmer. It seems to me after reading the reports of the recent milk dispute that one way of helping the farmer is by publicity. For instance, could Mr. Street supply me with information as to what weight of animal, sheep or cow, is sold to the butcher, and what price per lb. live weight the farmer gets for his sale? One hears on all sides of the farmer getting very poor prices for his stock from the butchers, and yet there has not been to my knowledge a corresponding decrease in the price of butchers' English meat. It would be interesting to compare the price per lb. live weight received by the farmer and to work out the price of a carcase as cut up and paid for by the housewife.

London, N.W.7

E. R. JACKS

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence. Edited by Aldous Huxley. Heinemann. 21s.

Etruscan Places. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 15s.

The Common Reader: Second Series. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by V. SACKVILLE-WEST

TELL your mother and sister I am very glad they stick up for me. They are quite right, I am quite a nice person really. God knows why I should have so much mud poured over me.

That is a quotation from *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, edited with an introduction by Aldous Huxley. Why, indeed, should Lawrence have had so much mud poured over him? The world being what it is, one can see why. Lawrence could not see why; and his inability to see why is a proof of the fundamental purity of his intention. Lawrence was an idealist; he held certain theories as to the way the world of men and women ought to be conducted; and since his theories failed to coincide with the conventional treatment of such human questions, he was immediately set down by the majority of ignorant and hypocritical people as a purveyor of pornographical novels. Nothing could be further removed from D. H. Lawrence than pornographical writing. He hated anything of the sort. Read, for instance, what he says in one letter about Casanova: 'I tried Casanova, but he smells. One can be immoral if one likes, but one must not be a creeping, itching, fingering, inferior being, led on chiefly by a dirty sniffing kind of curiosity, without pride or clearness of soul. For me, a man must have pride, good natural inward pride.'

Lawrence had the good natural inward pride. It is true that he wrote with unusual frankness about sex; it is true that he attributed a great importance to sex. Lawrence's genius as an artist and a writer has been obscured for many people by his pre-occupation with sex; I think, myself, that this pre-occupation was a mistake and a pity. I think he exaggerated it. But to say that he exaggerated it in any prurient way is completely to misunderstand Lawrence. He merely wanted such things to come out into the open; into the sunlight which he loved. He wanted them to be robbed of what he called the 'creeping, itching, fingering, inferior being'. And how right he was there! He hated, he loathed the promiscuous loves of a Casanova; and that hatred, that loathing of promiscuous love led him into his frank expressions of love, sexual love, which shocked so many people and set the machinery of the English law in operation against him. That is an old story. You know that his third novel, *The Rainbow*, was suppressed. You know that his paintings were seized by the police; and that the manuscripts of some of his poems were seized in the post. That is no concern of mine here, however deeply I may feel about it. My concern now is with Lawrence's letters. I assure you that you may read these letters without any fear of being shocked. You may read them, in fact, in the confident hope of being brought into intimate contact with a truly noble mind. Truly noble minds are rare enough to-day; and have been rare enough in any day. If they occur once or twice in a century, humanity may esteem itself lucky. I do not mean that to sound priggish. I do really mean that such minds are rare, and that if one is given the opportunity of looking into them, as in the case of Lawrence's letters, one ought to take advantage of it. Therefore I do plead with you to read Lawrence's letters. It is a long book, and when I began it I thought I should be tempted to skip a good deal. I soon found that I dared not skip, for fear of missing something of value: either a literary comment, or a human comment, or a descriptive comment—even a phrase such as this, when he writes: 'I feel like an autumn morning, a perfect maze of gossamer rhythms and rhymes and loose lines floating in the air'. That is the poet writing—the poet Lawrence; whose poems were taken in charge by the Post Office.

Lawrence, you know, was the son of a miner in Nottinghamshire. He was fortunate enough to win a scholarship from his local Council School, which took him to Nottingham High School. Such educational advantages as he had were due entirely to his own ability. He had to make his own way from the beginning; and he found that way pretty hard, for one reason or another. A restless spirit, he couldn't settle down anywhere; and so, if you will read his letters, you will find him now in Italy, now in Cornwall, now in Australia, now in Mexico, always ranging the world in search of the peace he could never find. But, in all his vagrancies, he seems to have found a certain affinity in Italy. He liked Italy. He liked the south. He liked the Mediterranean seaboard. (If you haven't read his book *Twilight in Italy*, I advise you to do so; and also his book, *Sea and Sardinia*.) That leads me to another book by D. H. Lawrence I want to recommend to you—*Etruscan Places*. This, in a sense, is a guide-book; a guide-book to the Roman Campagna, to Volterra, to Tarquinia, but a guide-book written by Lawrence is as different from the ordinary guide-book as chalk from cheese. Most guide-books are dead—dead as cold mutton. Lawrence's

guide-book to the Etruscan cities is alive; it makes the Etruscans live again. Lawrence had this power of making people live; whether they were the people of his imagination or the people of the past, with whom he felt himself in sympathy, as he felt himself to be in sympathy with the Etruscans. He had also an extraordinary gift of descriptive writing, whether he was describing the wild flowers of Tuscany, or the landscape of the Roman Campagna, or the little walled cities perched on the top of an Italian hill. It is as though one actually felt the sun hot upon one's hands. With what tenderness and comprehension, too, could he write about animals! That, I suppose, must be enough about Lawrence. I only plead with you to give this truly great writer a chance, and not to condemn him on the strength of other people's opinion.

There is a book of essays which I should like to recommend to you: *The Common Reader: Second Series* by Virginia Woolf. Mrs. Woolf is commonly supposed to be a 'difficult' writer—as indeed, any writer with an original and experimental mind must be 'difficult'—but although you may have found difficulty in following some of Mrs. Woolf's novels, I assure you that you will find no difficulty at all in following her critical essays. They are wholly delightful. They are sensitive, acute, picturesque, humorous, and yet severe. Mrs. Woolf has a high standard, and never for an instant does she allow herself or her reader to sag below it. 'Compare, always compare', she says, 'and let your comparison always be a comparison with the best'. Thus, and thus only, can you establish any level of measurement. But in spite of this severity, this right and proper severity, her touch is never heavy, solemn, didactic, or portentous. For one thing, she writes lovely airy prose, the sort of prose a poet would write if he wrote prose instead of poetry, and, for another thing, she never loses her enthusiasm.

This is very important. If you are going to set yourself up as a critic of literature, two qualifications are surely necessary—first, that you should preserve a high standard; and second, that you should retain the conviction that literature is an important and a vital thing. Otherwise, you degenerate into mere dustiness and sterility. You become just a scholar, losing all the fire of life. And literature is life, and the criticism of literature is a part of life, too, and the value of such critics as Mrs. Woolf is that they combine an appreciation of literature with an appreciation of life—an interest in life, an amusement at life, not a bleak and so-called highbrow sort of appreciation and amusement, but a real, rich, warm, intelligent, appreciative enthusiasm, which allows them to be amused by a packet of love-letters, such as Dorothy Osborne's, or by *Robinson Crusoe*, or by a general subject such as *How Should One Read a Book?*—this being the actual title of one of Mrs. Woolf's essays. A wide scope; and one which deserves to be treated, as Mrs. Woolf treats it, with both enthusiasm and discernment, a scope which demands both a high standard and a broad sympathy.

Read these essays. You will find that they reflect a poet's mind, and a remarkably human mind as well, the sort of mind which is amused and captured by just those little quirks of human nature which have amused us all at moments, but which we have never been able to define in such perfection of language. Mrs. Woolf is not interested only in literature: she is interested in people. She is interested by their oddities, their weaknesses, their pathos. She likes digging such people out of the past, and she doesn't mind how obscure they are, so long as they are alive to her. Any character will serve her turn, whether it be an Elizabethan milkmaid, or an eighteenth-century dandy, or a parson in East Anglia. Somehow or other, she pokes them all up into life again; she finds something in them, which we should probably not have found without the help of her interpretation. And this, surely, is the function of a critic and of an interpreter of life.

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Ivan the Terrible. By Stephen Graham. Benn. 18s.

Ivan the Terrible is a sufficiently historic and legendary character to have lost his nationality, and Mr. Graham's biography, or psychological study, of this Duke of Muscovy, first Tsar of Russia, becomes a lesson in world history. And the lesson is given to us without twist and prejudice and in the form of a very fine piece of writing on which the author is to be heartily congratulated. Almost every detail of the barbaric splendour and contrasting squalor of Muscovy is painted in as the background of the Tsar, while dark patches of his life and time, hitherto glossed over by historians, are excellently illuminated. Mr. Graham's task was gigantic. Unlike his contemporaries and successors, Ivan was in almost every respect unique. The modern psychologist may offer many scientific explanations of the Tsar's mentality to account for his terrible behaviour, but none of these could lead us further. Mr. Graham tells us everything we want to know. A terrorised childhood, treachery, loss of a loved wife, and superstitious religiosity, on the personal side, and life in a cruel and monstrous age under Asiatic influences on the general side, are sufficient to account for most of the incidents of Ivan's reign. To us, accustomed to humane principles in life and religion, Ivan must of necessity appear a monster, but in his own age he was merely a *stern* Tsar. For the nickname 'Terrible', translated from the Russian word *Grozny*, is not altogether correct in the Russian sense. His mass executions and torture and his personal murders were looked upon as a form of amusement to which as Tsar he was entitled. And many whom he executed and murdered had treated their underlings in the same barbarous way. Even his murder of his own son became an event only because of the Tsar's grief-stricken repentance. That there can be no sympathy for Ivan is obvious, but neither can sympathy be wasted on the murdered son, whose debauchery and maniacal cruelty at times outdid that of the father. Much of this is clearly shown by the author to have been due to personal mental disturbances, but quite a great deal can be accounted for by the age in which Ivan lived. The life of Ivan the Terrible, however, must not be judged entirely by the deeds that gave him his unenviable nickname. There are many things to his credit, and Mr. Graham gives a fair account of all of them. That the Monster outweighs the Ruler and Reformer is due entirely to the fact that the author is of the opinion that his task as a biographer limits him to the person, whereas a historian would be free to transfer the focus from the personality to society at large.

In short, *Ivan the Terrible* is a book to make many squirm, but it is nevertheless an outstanding work of particular value at the present time when popular interest in the Soviet system is apt to overlook the sombre background of mediæval Russian history.

Jorrocks's England. By Anthony Steel Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Making social history out of novels is a fascinating game, requiring skill in the player lest his art appear forced and his style dull. Now Surtees, who by readers acquainted only with *Handley Cross* and *Jorrocks's Jaunts* is labelled exclusively the novelist of the hunting field, would appear at first sight to offer a comparatively limited quarry to the historian of manners. But Mr. Steel has searched from end to end the eight books published by Surtees (several of which, becoming household classics, went into many editions and passed through nearly as many recensions as Homer), and he has brought together a rich heap of episodes, customs and types of humanity, out of which emerges a very illuminating composite portrait of certain ranges of society as it was between the 'thirties and the 'sixties of the last century. Jorrocks's London, which holds the centre of the stage, bears comparison with the London of Dickens in its strange contrasts of comfort and destitution, glamour and sordidness, urban concentration and rural surroundings. Over its select clubs and bestial slums alike hang the yellow fogs which the gaslights cannot pierce; everywhere is the smell and sound of horses, nowadays only a fading memory. It was a London without good hotels, inns or restaurants, with inadequate transport, yet surrounded by the gardens and not yet stifled with a glut of suburban villas. The subject of travel also affords Mr. Steel a fine theme for his eclectic pen. Two of his chapters draw comparisons between the pre- and post-railway eras, bringing home to us (what we are sometimes tempted to forget) the bitter discomfort of old-fashioned coach journeys 'with their roastings, their soakings, their freezings, and their smotherings with dust', and also giving us a glimpse of the hopes, excitements, and romance brought in by the coming of railways. On social and political questions, on the whole, Surtees has rather little to say, and that little does not go deep. The central episode of politics in his time was the Corn Law Repeal; and he gives us an amusing satire on the methods of the

'League', rather than material for judging the effect of its work. He is interested in some practical aspects of farming, such as land drainage, but is no Cobbett, with a keen insight into the needs and grievances of the landed interest. More surprising is Surtees' comparatively limited interest in sport. His passion for hunting does not extend to horse racing or steeplechasing; he is indifferent about other field sports, and dislikes betting. But on horses and dogs, in the hunting field, he is of course encyclopædic. Mr. Steel has picked out much that is of interest in the various types of society that Surtees depicted in his novels. He was most at home in middle class surroundings, of whose combined prosperity and vulgarianism he gives us a clear (though unconsciously satirical) impression. It is curious to find that the hunting world of Jorrocks's day was evidently more democratic in its composition than it had been before, or has been since. Hunting had ceased to be the exclusive amusement of the aristocracy, and had not yet become too expensive for the tradesman and lower middle-class. Mr. Steel's excellent book is made additionally attractive by being illustrated with a number of contemporary prints and drawings, several of which are by Richard Doyle.

The South Country. By Edward Thomas Dent. 10s. 6d.

Edward Thomas, whether he wrote in verse or in prose, was always a poet. His consciousness was aware of a mystical grace enveloping and illuminating all things in nature. Among those writers who have recognised the life of the countryside as one of the richest treasures of man's spiritual kingdom, he takes his place somewhere between Traherne and W. H. Hudson. His vision is not so clear, nor is his illumination so brilliant as that of Traherne, nor is his tread on earth so firm as that of Hudson. The spirit of his writing is like the spirit of the wind in summer over the downs, and like the summer breeze it has as little continuity. It whispers in different modulations those soft messages and half-uttered meanings, which are itself; and those who would hear all that it has to say must listen attentively, for like the music of the gentle summer airs it will at times almost reveal some immanent secret of the sky and its bright reflection on earth. But when we are most expectant it passes on, just bending the heads of the flowers, and setting them a-tremble—and then it lulls, leaving us still listening and waiting, and a trifle disappointed. *The South Country* is characteristic of Edward Thomas at his best. It contains passages, which both in feeling and expression are equal to anything which has been written in modern times on the English countryside, and the meditations which accompany these descriptions of sea and sky and earth are a true complement to the outward vision. The vivid and bright details that follow so quickly upon each other, and which demand such close attention if their inner correspondences are not to be lost, are always more than mere descriptions, for the objects are set in a timeless universe. The past is ever present, and merges with all we think of as time; even the ancient geological ages are our contemporaries, and with them, the flowers and the grass of to-day and to-morrow, and the living men, and the graves of the dead are always the same, ageless and everlasting. And so through all the pages of the book blows the breath of this tender spirit.

The woodcut engravings to this new edition by Fitch Daglish are elaborate in their imitativeness of nature, but seem to be lacking in poetic feeling, and so in verisimilitude. They are far distant from the subtler, gentler spirit of the text.

The Geographical Background of Modern Problems By H. J. Fleure. Longmans. W.E.A. Outlines. 2s.*

This is a valuable little book, such as might be expected from its author. It is scholarly, cultured and stimulating. There is a certain unity, though the titles of the chapters do not suggest it, and it is not the unity suggested by the title of the book. Short as it is the volume is not easy to summarise, for it is tightly packed with thought, and indeed forms distinctly difficult reading; it requires and will well repay study by those for whom it is mainly written. Perhaps one might suggest that room for expansion of some of the more difficult ideas might have been found by the omission of a few irrelevancies interesting in themselves but a little in the nature of King Charles' Head. The title is a little unsatisfactory. In the planning of the book a fairly complete attempt has been made to 'cover' the world and it could have been written only by a geographer and a particular geographer at that, but it is the problems themselves that are considered with a wide background which is only mildly geographical and is much more sociological or even historical or psychological.

After a short introduction, taken up with a brilliant contrast of the national economic ideals of British and French, there are six chapters dealing with geography and industrial relations, village and city life in Europe, the expansion of modern Europe illus-

* In paper covers, 1s.

trated from Australia and Argentina, China and Japan, early homes of agriculture and the idea of a city, and social types. It will be noticed that two of the chapter titles explicitly mention the 'city' and in one of them the word is linked with 'village'. This is no accident, for the subject has a fascination for the author. It is, indeed, the social group, large or small, with which Professor Fleure is most concerned, and it is perhaps in connection with these that the volume is most suggestive, e.g., 'There is at the basis of this (i.e., European) peasant society the notion of trusteeship handed along the generations, and with this a very strong tendency to favour static arrangements rather than expansionist speculations, or at any rate to ask "Will it last?" quite as much as or more than "Will it pay?"' Or again, 'Near the Oder cities were German, peasants often Polish, in Eastern Galicia cities are Polish with Jews and Germans as well, peasants are Ukrainian or Ruthenian. The opportunities for revolution and repression are endless. Unfortunately, the nation-state is at the moment the only form of organisation that suggests a measure of security, perhaps little more than a mirage, which attracts men in a desperate situation'. These things are but samples of the many which deserve and require study by W. E. A. groups when they come to read this fascinating volume.

Virginia Woolf. By Winifred Holtby. Wishart. 6s.

There is probably no modern woman writer in this country whose personality is the object of so much curiosity as Virginia Woolf's. For this there are two reasons: she has always avoided publicity, which to the public almost inevitably makes her a mystery; and further she is a great novelist and critic with a very rare and fascinating power of making her own personality felt through her work, however little—and as far as one can tell it is very little—that work is autobiographical. Miss Holtby therefore, in writing a critical account of her work with a first chapter entitled 'The Advantage of being Virginia Stephen', has ventured to knock at the door of a room which Mrs. Woolf has always kept very much her own. It was a courageous and

enterprising thing to do, and at the same time, considering Miss Holtby's entirely courteous and reasonable attitude, it was a good thing. Mrs. Woolf opened the door. 'Her sole instruction was that I should treat her work with the candour and impartiality applied by critics to the writings of the dead'. This Miss Holtby seems to have done with remarkable success. She gives an account of Mrs. Woolf's work that shows a careful study and appreciation of its unusual poetical and psychological qualities. She leads the reader through the novels, quoting and pointing out matters of interest. It may be like refreshing one's memory of a beautiful place by going through a book of photographs, but if one cannot always be in the beautiful place (and one cannot read *Mrs. Dalloway* every day of the year) the pleasure of recalling it through photographs, although shadowy, is not to be despised. The most serious criticism that one can make of Miss Holtby's book is that she has described Mrs. Woolf's room of her own and everything that it contains, but that Mrs. Woolf herself, as we realise at the end, has never really been in it. It is a study of still life. If Miss Holtby had succeeded in bringing Mrs. Woolf too into the picture it would have been a remarkable thing, and it is hardly possible to call to mind any other writer who would certainly or even probably have proved successful. For, as Miss Holtby has pointed out, Mrs. Woolf's art lies not in commenting, but in creating; her work therefore eludes definition as easily as life itself eludes the mind that sets out to subdue it, even though armed with talent, determination and a university training. 'Mrs. Woolf, one feels', says Miss Holtby of *To the Lighthouse*, 'is trying to get at a spiritual truth, and it may be that her own discoveries here have lacked climax'. One understands what Miss Holtby means, and partly agrees with it. Moreover one cannot fail to recognise the difficulties of the task which she imposed on herself; but the terms she uses will not fit the reality. 'Spiritual truth', 'discovery' and 'climax', these are labels which refuse to be attached to any part of *To the Lighthouse*; the living heat of the book curls them up as fast as Miss Holtby sticks them on.

Surveyor of the Universe

Views and Reviews. Second Series. By Havelock Ellis. Desmond Harmsworth. 10s. 6d.

HAVELOCK ELLIS is a man to whom most of us do a perpetual injustice. We know that he is a thinker who has never been valued at his true worth, a pioneer in psychology and more particularly in the psychology of sex, and one of the most delightful prose writers of our time. These things, I say, we know, and as we read that pure and limpid prose—I say 'read', but one has the impression less of reading than of listening to the conversation of a great man, so quiet and unemphatic is it, yet so intimate, as if the writer were addressing his remarks to oneself alone—we decide to carve out a niche for Havelock Ellis in our private hall of fame, and by word of mouth and pen to let his inclusion be widely known. And somehow we don't do it; the book finished, the resolve is forgotten, to be remembered with remorse the next time we read Ellis and renewed only to be forgotten again. I have read and admired Havelock Ellis for nearly twenty years; his three volumes of *Impressions and Comments* are my favourite bedside books, and yet I have never in my mind accorded to him the reputation I know to be his due. Nor is my case untypical of my generation.

Why this persistent injustice? One reason is sufficiently obvious. Ellis has suffered the traditional fate of the pioneer. He was one of that band of courageous men who set themselves the task of spring-cleaning Victorian morality. Ellis and Shaw and Wells were like housemaids letting light and air into a room too long shut up. As they opened the shutters and used their brooms, the inmates voiced their protest by vilifying the housemaids, and, seeing the dust which they had swept from under the cupboards, where it had been allowed to accumulate, accused them of having made it themselves.

Ellis was more violently assailed than any. It was not only that his celebrated 'Studies' in sexual psychology dragged into the cold light of science a subject which had previously been hushed by convention and darkened by taboo; his whole attitude to life was antipathetic to the times. To-day we can recognise the distinction of Ellis' mind without being shocked by his views. We are, indeed, too apt to take them for granted. Ellis has suffered to the full from the Nemesis which waits on those who tell the truth for the first time, that after a time we think we have always known what they told us. Looking out on life through spectacles which he has tinted for us, inevitably we see it in his colours. His versatility, moreover, is against him. That a man should make a name in one sphere is sufficiently affronting to the self-respect of those who are eminent in none. But that he should make it in half a dozen, being equally and justly famed as a psychologist, a literary critic, an essayist and a sage, is not to be borne. Appearing in so many spheres he cannot, we comfort ourselves, appear to much purpose in any. Again,

he is so completely reasonable, his voice is so still and small, that it is only when the clamour of other tongues has died down that it can reach us. And it dies down so rarely.

It is this quality of sheer reasonableness which is chiefly exemplified in the present volume of reprinted articles and reviews, a collection which covers a variety of subjects, from 'Life in Athens after the War' to a 'Proposal to Legalise Sterilization', and from an essay on Thomas Hardy's treatment of men and women in love to 'The World's Racial Problem'. Particularly pertinent at the moment in a world which increasingly belittles it in favour of instinct and emotion, is an essay on the claims of reason. Havelock Ellis is dealing with an early expression in a book by Sir James Baillie, *Studies in Human Nature*, of the view that has since come to be widely held, that reason is a mere tool of the instincts limited in function to inventing reasons for what we instinctively wish to believe and justification for what we instinctively wish to do. Ellis points out that the progress of humanity has consisted 'in a continuous process of the liberation of thought from helpless servitude to the feelings'. Reason may be faulty and imperfect, but it is the only guide we have. 'The Philosophic Jester makes his ribald jokes at the expense of reason's instability. But reason is unstable because it is so delicate, so exquisite, the final divine flower towards which all nations have been moving ever since the world began'. At the same time, while demanding that it should be increased, Havelock Ellis does not overestimate the part which reason plays in practice. He chides a critic of Hardy's for supposing that Hardy wrote his novels to illustrate a reasoned philosophic theory. Hardy was a spontaneous artist, using themes and ideas as an afterthought as decorations or illustrations of his stories, not as their motive or framework, and compares unfavourably the collected confessions of contemporary British philosophers which, while recording their views, are silent as to their lives, with an equivalent German collection whose chief concern is to depict the personalities behind the thrones. Philosophy is important not for what it reveals of truth but of human beings; for philosophy is 'the adventure of the soul in the universe'.

Havelock Ellis exhibits never more clearly than in this book a synoptic, dispassionate view of the whole human scene. To quote his own words, 'There is anguish in it and there is joy; there is in the end the serene contemplation of a whole in which all the varied elements fall into place'. It is this contemplation which, pre-eminently among the men of our generation, he has achieved.

C. E. M. JOAD